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Moving Picture Stories

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE *DEVOTED TO* PHOTO-PLAYS *AND* PLAYERS

Vol. X.
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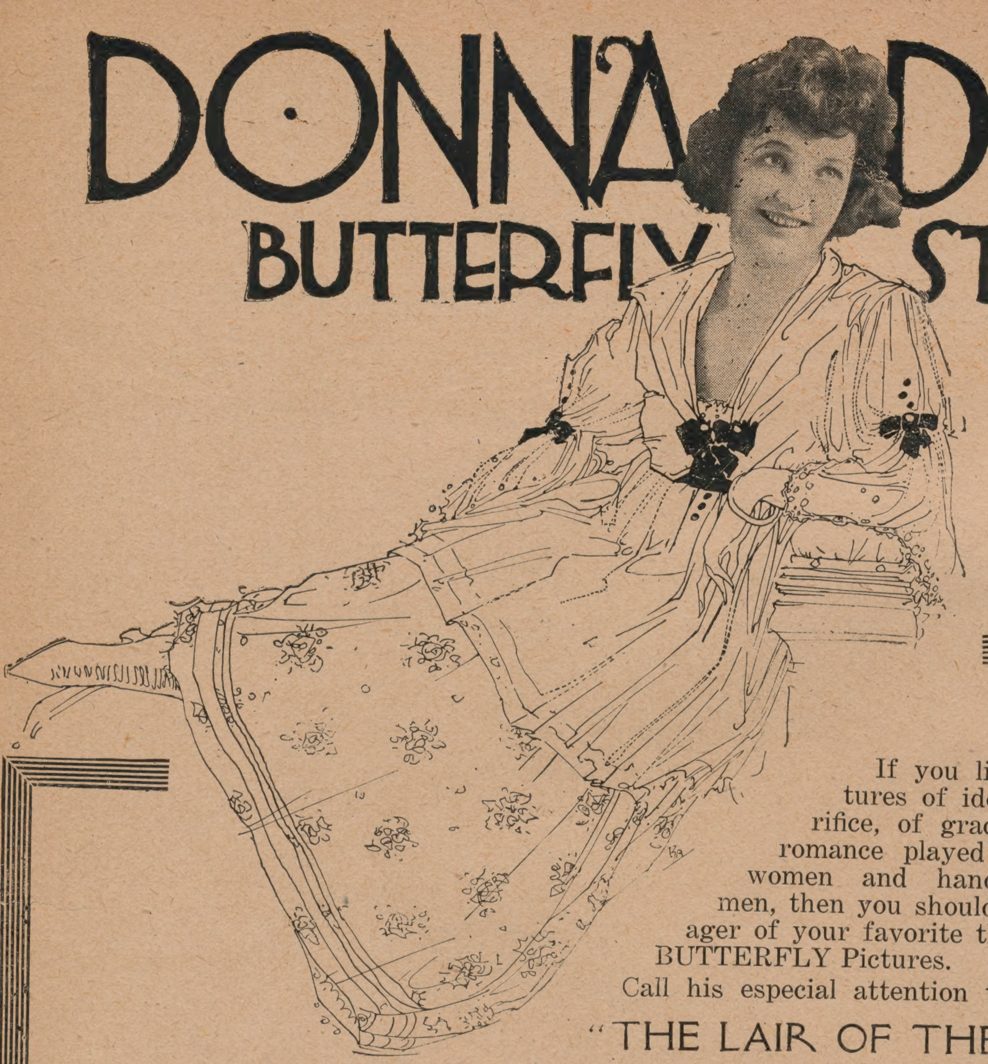
1917

ETHEL CLAYTON
WORLD-PICTURES

DONNA DREW

BUTTERFLY STAR



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MOVING PICTURE STORIES

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO PHOTOPLAYS AND PLAYERS

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JUNGLE TREACHERY

(Copyright by Universal Film Mfg. Co.)
(Bison Film)

SCENARIO BY W. B. PEARSON *PRODUCED BY REX HODGE AND W. B. PEARSON*

By A. F. HILL

Warens

Cast of Characters:

Betty	*Babe Sedgwick*	*Bob*	*Fred Church*
Nathan Briggs	*Charles Brinley*	*"Big" Bill McPhearson*	*Fred Montague*

"BIG" BILL McPHEARSON, territorial surveyor to the English Government, rose from his desk-chair and commenced to stride up and down his office impatiently. His son Bob regarded him amusedly.

"I tell you, Bob," said "Big" Bill, "your ideas are all wrong. Of course, I realize that a young fellow like yourself, just fresh from college, is anxious to show his mettle and prove his worth, but there are saner ways of doing both than trying to penetrate the heart of East Africa. Have you any conception of what you propose undertaking? Of course you haven't, or you wouldn't talk so lightly about it. Listen, and I will tell you a few things about that country. In the first place, it's almost entirely virgin jungle. This particular jungle abounds with wild beasts of every description, and is filled with huge and deadly snakes. There are at least seventy-two varieties of flies in this jungle, and each variety is just a little bit more poisonous than the other. Back of the jungle, as nearly as we have been able to find out, are a range of mountains which are populated by an extremely savage race of cannibals and ugly head-hunters. Fuller, Robinson and Graham, all experienced, jungle-wise surveyors, have each made three attempts to penetrate this country and have been obliged to give it up. Now, I don't want to disparage your abilities, Bob,

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but doesn't it stand to reason that if men like those I have mentioned have been obliged to give a project up as a bad job that an inexperienced person like yourself cannot possibly hope to succeed?"

"I know, father, that it must seem presumptuous for me to attempt what famed men like you have just mentioned have failed to do, but somehow I can't get away from the idea that I can accomplish it, and am determined to try. I've always longed for a chance to hunt big game, and what you say about wild beasts only stimulates me. Besides, you know that the British government has offered a reward of five thousand pounds to the man who first makes a survey of one hundred miles inland, and I'm just crazy for a chance to earn that reward. Let me go, and if I don't succeed let my folly be on my own head."

"Big" Bill impulsively took his son's hand between his own two hands.

Secretly pleased at his son's courage and determination, Big Bill impulsively took his son's hand between his own two hands.

"Very well," he said; "I suppose if you're bent on this adventure there is no use of your old father trying to hold you back. But do let me help you in selecting your equipment and the men who shall go with you, and don't hesitate to draw on my experience for advice."

"Father, you're a brick! I'll succeed, you just watch and see, and then you'll be glad that you let your headstrong son have his own way for once. Now, I'm off to see a couple of men I know, and whom I would like to have with me on this trip. If I can get them, why, I shall have no fear as to the success of my adventure."

With a wave of his hand, Bob arose and fairly flew out of the office. Within an hour he was seated with three of his college cronies in his own room at home, with a veritable sea of maps and charts about him. For hours the four young men talked and argued and planned and fussed with an enthusiasm that spoke well for the success of their undertaking. This meeting proved to be the first of many others which followed almost every day for the next month, at the end of which time Bob's expedition was fully equipped and ready to start.

Shortly after sunrise, one morning later, Bob's party met at his house for a very early breakfast, after which, with Big Bill's good wishes ringing in their ears, they turned their horses' heads in the direction of the rising sun, and set out upon their long and perilous trip.

It was the intention of the party to make their journey by easy stages, and to pause to take their bearings carefully, so that their maps would be unquestionably accurate. As they went along they planned to drive their surveying stakes at frequent intervals, and thus to leave proof positive that they had actually made the trip. In pursuance of these plans they traveled very slowly, covering less than half the distance in each day's trek that a more experienced party of explorers would have covered, with the result that they did not tire themselves as much as explorers usually do, and their Kaffir guides and bearers were more satisfied and better-tempered than is usually the case.

At the end of fourteen days the little party had covered about forty miles through the worst part of the jungle. On the evening of the fourteenth day they struck camp at the foot of a ridge of mountains, which promised to give them plenty of trouble for the next few days, as they would have to cut every step of foothold they would require in making the ascent to their crest.

Up to this time, while the party had had plenty of hard work, it had had no serious trouble of any kind. They had seen a large number of wild beasts, some of which they had shot, and had come across a number of formidable snakes, but no one had been injured and no one had been taken sick. They were beginning to wonder how it was possible that men of the character of their predecessors had failed to accomplish their purpose.

On the other side of that ridge of mountains lived the only Englishman who had ever succeeded in ascending them, and it was largely because of his efforts that no other white man had ever crossed there. Nathan Briggs was this individual's name, and he was a squatter on English territory. Many years ago he and his wife had been brought by a strange chance to this wild country, and here his little daughter Betty had been born. The only white persons in that region, and indeed the only white persons the natives had ever seen, were regarded as gods, and reigned supreme over several thousand blacks. In the fulness of time Mrs. Briggs died, leaving Briggs and her little daughter to carry on her reign, and Briggs lost all desire to return to civilization. True, he did plan to go back some day, when he was too old to hunt and to endure the discomforts of jungle life, but for the present he was well content to lead the life of king of his black tribe and to daily grow richer in gold and ivory. His one fear was that some day the English might penetrate his stronghold, and then the end would come to his reign as king, and he would have to pay for the use of the land his blacks mined and lived upon, and over which their herds roamed. In course of time this fear became an obsession with him, and he hit upon the plan of telling the blacks that some day other white men, who were called Englishmen, would come to their country for the purpose of putting them all to death and taking their lands. These men, he said, would come from the West, and if they ever succeeded in getting over the mountains the blacks would all perish. The only thing, therefore, for the blacks to do was to kill the white men before they could come over the mountains, and then all would be well. The simple blacks, who loved slaughter, anyway, for its own sake, took these lessons to heart, and that is why the parties which had preceded Bob's had failed to succeed, and why the straggling members had returned and told fearsome tales of ferocious savages, who fiercely contended every step inland that they tried to take, and who could not be placated.

Betty Briggs had been fed on this kind of talk all her life, and she shared her father's hatred of the English, and would cheerfully have joined in any massacre of the English that the blacks might have in hand.

One morning Nathan Briggs was very much astonished to learn from one of his black subjects that there was an English camp on the other side of the ridge. At once he was filled with resentment and fear. He had thought that he had educated the English by this time to know that it was not safe to encroach on his territory, and he determined to teach these particular interlopers a lesson. Accordingly, he called his daughter Betty and instructed her to reconnoiter the English camp and pick up what she could as to their numbers, their equipment, their object in coming there, and anything else she could learn. He sent Betty because she spoke English, and could therefore understand such scraps of English as she might overhear, whereas none of the blacks understood that language.

Much pleased with her errand, Betty started out, keeping a wary lookout for any stragglers who might perhaps be up in the mountains. So careful was she in searching the surrounding country-side that she paid scant attention to her footsteps, and so failed to see a very worn and slippery spot on the trail. Onto this worn and slippery spot Betty unseeingly stepped, and the next moment she was sliding down the mountainside at great speed, and never came to a stop until she crashed against a large boulder which lay across her path. The force of her impact with the boulder rendered Betty unconscious, and when she regained her senses a glance at the sky told her that it was late afternoon. She tried to rise, but a severe pain in her ankle made it impossible for her to do so, and when she examined her ankle she saw that it was badly swollen, and knew that she had sprained it. With the fortitude of a true savage, Betty lay back and patiently waited for some one to come along and discover her predicament. She was hungry and hot and tired, but she never uttered so much as one groan, but lay with closed eyes while the long hours passed. After a long time the shadows began to deepen, and night was rapidly spreading over the land. From their hiding-place in the thick underbrush and in the caves in the mountain-side, the wild animals began to call one another, and Betty knew that they would soon start out in search of prey. For the first time that day Betty began to be afraid, and she strained her ears, listening for some sound that would betoken the approach of human footsteps. The long moments passed, but no one came her way, and by and by she began to hear the soft thud of heavy, padded feet in the adjacent underbrush. Now she was thoroughly terror-stricken, and her feminine nerves could stand the strain no longer. In an agony of terror she uttered scream after scream, hoping that some one—any one—would hear her and come to her aid.

Far below, at the foot of the mountain, Bob McPhearson sat smoking by the side of the camp-fire. Suddenly he started and listened carefully to a strange sound. Had he been anywhere else in the world he would have sworn that he heard a woman's scream; but pshaw! there were no women in that part of the world. While he listened the sound was repeated, and he arose and went for one of the other men and asked him to listen, too.

"What do you make of it, Frank?" asked Bob.

"I guess it's some new kind of laughing hyena," remarked Frank.

"Laughing hyena nothing. That's a woman, if ever I heard one in all my life," answered Bob.

"You're crazy, man; where do you think a woman would come from in this God-forsaken part of the world? Better go and take a dose of quinine, old man; you must be getting an attack of jungle fever," laughed Frank.

As he ceased speaking, and before Bob could reply, both men again heard the sound, and Bob seized his gun and started off at a run up the mountain-side, with Frank in close pursuit. As the men proceeded up the mountain the screams became louder, and soon the doubting Frank was obliged to admit to himself that there must be a woman somewhere about, no matter how impossible that fact might seem. Presently Betty heard the approaching footsteps of the two men and the sound of their voices, and she redoubled her screams so as to guide them to where she lay helpless. In another few minutes the men reached the spot where Betty lay, and Bob called out to her. She answered him as loudly as she could, and Bob fairly jumped to hear her voice almost under his feet. Hastily taking a pocket-flashlight, Bob sent its rays down on the ground and full into Betty's face. At sight of Betty, Bob gave a startled exclamation and dropped on his knees beside her.

"What's the matter, miss, are you hurt?" cried Bob.

"Yes; I think that I have sprained my ankle," replied Betty in English, with a queer little accent.

"Where do you live, or where's your camp?" asked Bob.

"Far down on the other side of the mountain," answered Betty.

"I'm afraid that we can't get you there to-night, miss, but we can fix you up comfortably for the night down at our camp, and to-morrow we can send for your people, or bring you to them," said Bob.

"All right, that will do; only get me out of here quickly before some of the lions scent us," answered Betty.

"Very well. We'll start at once, and you'll have to let me carry you," said Bob, stooping down and picking Betty up in his arms. Guided by Frank with the pocket-flashlight, Bob carefully picked his steps down the mountain-side, carrying Betty in his arms, and when they arrived at their camp, set her down on his own cot in his own tent, which he told her would be reserved for her use during her stay in the camp. Then he departed to get her some supper, having learned from her that she met with her accident early in the day, and had been entirely without food since. When he returned with her supper, Bob seated himself by the side of her cot and waited on her while she ate. When she had finished, he questioned her as to how she came to be in East Africa, and was much astonished to learn that she had been born there. From her he learned much about the character of the country, which his party had not yet explored, and would have been much encouraged were it not for the fact that she told him the natives on the other side of the mountain were violently antagonistic to the English, and would undoubtedly oppose his passage through their country. Presently he left her so that she might get some sleep and went outside to impart the information he had gained to his friends. They took it seriously enough, but vowed that they would not be turned back by all the savages in East Africa.

When Bob hoisted aloft the flag of his service they stood at attention.

Meantime, Nathan Briggs had become greatly alarmed about the failure of his daughter to return, and called his natives together for a council of war. It was his own idea that Betty had fallen prisoner to the Englishmen, and he decided that he himself would go down to their camp in the morning, demand the return of his daughter, and, when he had her safely out of their clutches, have his blacks come up and despatch the English. Filled with this idea, he gave the blacks instructions to arm themselves for war, and to come on at his signal and show the Englishmen no mercy.

With the coming of the dawn, Briggs set out for the camp of the Englishmen, and arrived there shortly after sunrise. To his excited questions concerning his daughter, the first man he met gave reassuring answers, and told him that she was over in the large tent, set against the very mountain-side. He rushed over to this tent and unceremoniously entered it. Betty was eating her breakfast, and Bob was waiting on her as he had the night before. At sight of the two young people alone in the tent together, Briggs became violently angry, and demanded an explanation. In vain Betty and Bob tried to explain matters to him. He refused to accept their explanation, and shook his fists under Bob's nose and cursed and raged and vowed vengeance. Having thus laid his foundation, he set out to summon his blacks; but this time they were not destined to be successful, for the Englishmen, warned by Betty, had built up a breastwork behind which they were prepared to sell their lives dearly. The blacks had no guns, but, armed with their long spears and huge shields, they stole cautiously upon the Englishmen. The Englishmen waited until the blacks were well within range, and then gave them a volley that stretched five of them dead in their companions' path. The blacks retreated, and after a little while again returned to the charge. Again the Englishmen met them with a deadly volley, and this time the blacks took to their heels and fled. While the fight was going on Nathan Briggs, confident of the result, had returned to his own cabin. During his absence a lion, attracted by the smell of meat, had entered through the open door, and now, before Briggs could perceive him, sprang at Briggs' throat. As he fell beneath the huge weight of the animal, Briggs managed to tear a pistol from his belt and press it against the lion's side. As he struck the earth, Briggs pulled the trigger, and the bullet tore its way into the lion's body. With a roar the beast released his hold of Briggs and sprang out the open door; but he had already done enough damage to Briggs to cost him his life, and Briggs lay in a rapidly increasing pool of his own blood, slowly dying. Here some of his blacks presently found him, and he despatched a swift runner to bring Betty and Bob to his side. On receipt of the news of Briggs' injury, Betty and Bob mounted mountain ponies and tore for Briggs' cabin. They arrived in time to talk with Briggs before he died, and while Betty supported his head on her shoulder, he commended her to Bob's care. Bob assured him that he would look out for Betty, and with a smile of gratitude Briggs fell back dead.

After her father had been buried, Bob insisted that Betty return to his camp, which she willingly did. The blacks, now that Briggs was not there to corrupt them, proved willing and tractable, and when Bob hoisted aloft the flag of his service, they stood at attention and acknowledged him as their new king.

In the days that followed the survey made excellent progress, and Betty became happier than she had ever been before. All the men of the camp did their utmost to amuse her and make her happy, and they had some very gay times. They taught her to use the surveying instruments with the aid of a tin-cup, and they were as merry as children over their joke. At last the great day came when Bob drove the last survey-stake and knew that he had won the prize of five thousand pounds. That day was a day of victories, for, by the aid of judicious questioning, he learned that he had won something far more precious, the love of a pure and unspoiled maiden. With great pride he introduced Betty to his companions as the future Mrs. McPhearson, and hurried them back over the course, so that he could get a minister and make his dream come true before anything could happen to spoil it.

In due time they reached a settlement which boasted a gentle missionary, who wept tears of joy at the opportunity to go through the marriage ceremony with a pair of real white persons. The missionary was handsomely rewarded with a present of some salt and a bag of white flour, and he blessed the lucky chance which had sent this munificence his way.

Back over the trail they had so wearily broken more than a month before, the little party wended its way, and at last reached the coast. Here Bob and his bride went to the single hotel which the settlement boasted for the purpose of removing some of the stains of travel and getting themselves dressed in fitting clothes to visit Bob's father and make the great announcement to him. From the local general store they obtained some garments which suited their needs and then, attired in their new finery, went down to the office of that important personage, the territorial land surveyor, Mr. Big Bill McPhearson. To that worthy gentleman Bob introduced himself as the first man to complete a hundred-mile survey of the East African inland, and the winner of the five-thousand-pound prize.

"In addition, sir," said Bob, "I have the honor to be the husband of the little lady at my side. Father, meet Mrs. Robert McPhearson; Mrs. McPhearson, meet your father-in-law."

After the introductions were over Big Bill seized Bob by the hand and said:

"Bob, I'm prouder of your wife than I am of your success as a surveyor. May all the happiness in the world be yours, and God bless you both is my wish."

THE DIVORCEE

(Vitagraph Film)

SCENARIO BY A. VAN BUREN POWELL *SYNOPSIS BY RUFUS STEELE*

By LULIETTE BRYANT

Cast of Characters:

Wanda Carson	*Mary Anderson*
Jerry Ferguson	*Alfred Vosburgh*
Sam, Wanda's brother	*Pliny Goodfriend*

THE train, worn out with its crawl over the rolling hills, slowed down with gasping puffs and subsided in a trail of steam. The loungers at the station came forward as briskly as the extremely warm day permitted. It was an event when the afternoon train came in. Not that the city was so dull, as cities go, but strangers are strangers and apt to be interesting. Most of those who stopped did it for one gossip-furnishing reason—to acquire a residence which would permit them to be free of matrimonial bonds until such time as they should take on new ones.

But to-day only one passenger came down the steps from the day coach. She was a young girl, not pretty, but with a certain wholesomeness of face and figure which inspired instant liking and trust. Her figure was stocky rather than slender, her face was round, and her nose, it must be confessed, was a decided pug. But there was a merry twinkle in the brown eyes which searched the crowd and then turned back to the car door.

"Hurry up, Mary," she ordered crisply. "I don't see anything of Sam, and if you don't get off I'll be all alone in the wicked city, and you know what that means."

A woman a few years older than the girl came out now, puffing under the weight of a four-year-old child.

"Let the kiddie walk," the girl directed, "and you get the baggage, Mary. I reckon Sam's delayed on the way. We'll go up to the hotel. He'll find us there."

"Why should Sam meet us when you didn't let him know you were coming?" demanded the woman. "What makes you think he'll be here at all?"

"I hurried to the window and saw my husband handing money to a gypsy woman!"

"I'd like to see Sam miss a train," laughed the girl. "It's the one mad dissipation of Sam's young life, when he's in town, riding up to meet these trains. Hello, here's a familiar face!"

"Miss Wanda! You sure are a sight for sore eyes!" The man who approached held out a friendly hand, Western fashion, his broad hat almost sweeping the ground in salutation. "But your brother didn't know you was coming, did he, now? Thought not, or he'd left some word for you. He's up in the hills—like 's not won't be down for three or four weeks. Dam busted up there—the whole posse of the engineers went tearing off three days ago, and sent down word it 'd take a right smart time to fix things up."

He stopped, eyeing the new arrivals thoughtfully. "If I could do anything," he began, reluctant to leave the sister of a friend alone on the station platform. Wanda laughed out merrily.

"Your Southern chivalry and your Western manners mix about as queerly as the two kinds of speech do," she said. "How long you been here, Jack? Four years—and you still say 'right smart' and bow like a Kentucky colonel! Now don't you worry about me. Mary is with me, and we'll just go up to the hotel and stay till Sam shows up again, whether it's a week or a month. I came here for a nice, quiet time, and I'm going to have it. Yes, I'll let you know if I need anything you can do, thank you."

She bundled Mary and the child into a waiting hack and was off, Mary grumbling sturdily all the way.

"Nice place for you to be alone, in a city where there's nothing but women what ain't any better than they should be. You're not going out of the house after nightfall, I can tell you that," was Mary's ultimatum. "Every woman in this place, and most of the men, is here because they want a dee-vorce!" The horror Mary placed on the word showed her opinion of those who courted such a thing. Wanda made a little face.

"If I'd ever been so unlucky as to get tied up to a man I'm sure I'd want to get free from him," she said airily. "But don't worry; I'm going to be a good little girl and go to bed early and wait for Brother Sam to come down from the hills."

Which was all very well for a few days. Then the charm of the quiet life began to pall on Wanda. There was nothing to do for one who did not frequent the little tables where idle women sat and gossiped over their troubles. The cafés, the tea-rooms, every place that men or women frequent was crowded with those whose stories all began "If he had been different——" or "I stood him as long as I could, and then, my dear, then——"

Wanda began to hang on the fringes of the crowd at the Blue Dragon, the most fashionable restaurant in the place. The talk fascinated the girl whose life had been lived on the plains, whose sole acquaintance with the world of fashion had been through the Sunday papers or the pages of second-rate novels. To her, these women were heroines, who had seen real life and known real adventures. She did not see beneath their tawdry veneer of respectability. She thought they were all ladies of high degree who had suffered much from cruel experiences. Round-eyed, she sat and listened, day after day, when faithful Mary thought she was walking, or riding her horse over the hills. The women began to smile at her now and then, flattered by her evident interest in their tales. Then, one never-to-be-forgotten morning, the leader of them all, Mrs. Pelham-Wilson, left the table where she was sitting and came across the room, holding out a slim, jeweled hand to Wanda.

"You have a story in your face, my dear," she said. "Come and tell it to us."

For a moment Wanda hesitated, wondering what to do. To sit in the charmed circle would be such fun! Suddenly all the mischief that had been pent up in her soul for many days came bubbling to the surface. She would belong to the elect. She would have a life story. She followed Mrs. Pelham-Wilson to the table, took her place with the rest of them, and began, as they watched her face expectantly:

"I have listened, day after day, wondering if I should hear another story as strange, as sad, as incredible as mine—but I have not. Nothing I have heard compares with what I shall try to tell you!"

Her voice broke and she buried her face in her hands for an instant. "Poor child!" "So young!" "She looks like such a nice girl!" went around the table, and if Wanda's shoulders shook with laughter rather than sobs no one was the wiser. She lifted her head again.

"My husband was the last of a long line of Englishmen. He wanted a son. When our baby was a daughter, he hated her, hated me." She paused, thinking rapidly—how could she finish this artistic start? The sympathetic sisters edged nearer. "Go on, poor child," they cooed.

Outside the window a hurdy-gurdy began to play and a gypsy girl danced into view. It furnished Wanda with inspiration. She went on, dramatically.

"When baby was two months old I was sitting in my room. Baby was on the piazza in her carriage, sleeping. I had sent the nurse on an errand. All at once a premonition of evil came to me. I hurried to the window and saw my husband handing money to a gypsy woman! I saw something more beneath the woman's shawl. I screamed—ran out—saw the empty carriage—and I fainted! When I recovered consciousness, they told me my baby had disappeared mysteriously. My husband pretended to be wild with grief. I knew what happened, but I had no proof. Who would believe that a father would sell his own child to gypsies? I never saw my baby again. I ran away to come here and stay long enough for a divorce. If he ever finds out where I am he will follow and kill me!"

The storm of sympathy that followed was enough to satisfy even Wanda's mischievous soul. She was one of the inner circle now. Not one of those women, fed on scandal as they were, doubted her story. It was only a bit wilder, a trifle more sensational than the ones they told of themselves. Before she left the table she had been invited to a tea, two bridge parties and a midnight supper. She accepted all these attentions, wondering inwardly what Mary would say, but determined to have her fling now that the way was open.

So, in the face of faithful Mary's storms and protests, Wanda arrayed herself in fine clothes of the flashiest type, purchased ready-made from the department stores, and plunged into society. With her fresh, unaffected manners, her honest eyes and ready laughter she was a never-failing source of amusement to the worldly women and blasé men whose cynicism and cheap wit covered sordid action and thought of which Wanda had never even heard.

Midnight suppers, late breakfasts, bridge parties, tea dances—Wanda had her fill of them all. Then the reaction came and she woke one morning with a longing for the old ways, for sane, decent companionship, for the hills and the open skies. She slipped from her bed and went to the open window.

He taught her to shoot his heavy revolver, and laughed at her womanish manner of shutting her eyes while she blazed away.

Dawn was breaking. A band of pale silver rimmed the east; the air was hushed, waiting the sun. Wanda sighed.

"What did I ever start this ridiculous life for?" she asked herself. "Such a life!"

Streaks of rose color shot up the sky, like a fan unfurled against the pale gray. All of the east grew brighter, the fan was edged with palest gold, ready to quiver into flaming day. Wanda drew a long breath.

"I'm going to ride out there on the hills, where life is clean and sweet!" she whispered under her breath. "Where's my old riding habit?"

She braided her thick hair into two long, straight plaits. Knickerbockers, leggins, coat were drawn on hastily. She stole out, very softly, while Mary slept on in peace.

The round, golden globe of day popped up over the hilltop just in time to see a girl on a brown mare riding swiftly into the face of the dawn.

Up one hill and down another the brown mare's hoofs pounded sturdily, until Wanda, her cheeks flushed, her eyes like two stars, brought her to a halt in the shade of a cluster of rocks where a bit of sagebrush sheltered a rabbit which scurried swiftly away at her approach.

"Poor little beastie," she said aloud, "I wouldn't hurt you."

"I'm sure you wouldn't," said a man's voice. She drew back, surprised rather than alarmed as a man came around the rocks, sombrero in hand, spurs jingling as he walked. She eyed him curiously. Wanda had been bred in the hills, where real cowboys did not wear such moving picture get-ups. What was he? She spoke at a venture:

"Good-morning, Prince Cactus Pete."

"Good-morning, Sagebrush Queen," he replied instantly.

She liked that, and gave him one of her frank smiles.

"Let's ride over that next hill," she suggested. "I want to see what's on the other side of it."

So, simply and sincerely as two children they began a friendship, with no questions asked on either side. And for five golden mornings they met, just after dawn, there in the heart of the hills, under the rose and blue of the morning skies, their hearts atune with the daybreak, with youth and life and a strange, new feeling which neither of them tried to define.

"Prince Cactus Pete" was the only name she had for him. "Sagebrush Queen" was what he called her. And when, at the end of their morning rides, he rode off in one direction, she in another, neither of them knew where the other went, nor cared—at first.

But a morning came when Wanda, kept in by a violent storm, read the morning paper with its story of a bold bandit in the hills who had held up single travelers and taken rich store of gold, until, growing more daring with success he had stopped a stage-coach and helped himself to the mail bags, freighted with treasure Now Uncle Sam, in the person of the constable and his posse, was on his track.

"He ought to have known better than to tamper with the mails," Wanda thought, idly reading on, her thoughts but half on the printed sentences. She was missing her morning ride with the handsome stranger. But suddenly she sat up, clutching the paper, staring at the description of the bold robber, which was there before her in black and white.

"Dark hair, very dark eyes, immaculate cowboy get-up"—suddenly the words blurred before her eyes and her cheeks grew very white. "It couldn't be!" she cried, flung the paper from her and ran to the window, staring out across the hills where the rain came down in a gray torrent.

"It couldn't be!" she told herself again, her hands clasping and unclasping nervously. Suddenly she turned, ran to the closet, emerged with a raincoat and was out of the door. A few moments later saw her riding away into the teeth of the storm.

On and on she rode, neither knowing nor caring where, lost in the thought which she tried in vain to put away from her. On and on, faster and faster, taking one hill after the other, but never outriding the thought which kept beside her with its insistent whisper.

"It couldn't be!" she declared again.

The storm broke at last. The wind stilled and the downpour stopped as suddenly as if some giant hand had turned a faucet in the clouds. An instant later the sun broke out, and with the sunshine came a gay voice: "Whither away, Sagebrush Queen? Oh, but the merry chase you've led me!"

And, looking at him, the doubts slipped away for the moment. She held out her hands impulsively.

"Oh, Prince Cactus Pete, I'm tired. Come and sit by me."

Unmindful of the sodden ground they sat, happy as children again. In the magic of his presence she forgot her doubts, forgot her fears. He taught her to shoot his heavy revolver, and laughed at her womanish manner of shutting her eyes while she blazed away at an unseen mark.

"Just like a woman—shutting her eyes to trouble," he laughed. "Look your troubles or your dangers straight in the face, girl; that's the way to conquer them."

A little shiver ran over her. She lifted troubled eyes to his. "Don't talk of danger," she said, so wistfully that his own eyes darkened with sympathy.

"Poor little kid," he said gently, "why don't you tell me all your worries?"

Her lips opened, impulsively. Then, out of the silence, out of the clear, rain-washed air, came the thud of hoofs, the sound of men's stern voices. They glanced up, and on the rocks which capped the hill behind them a posse of men had gathered.

She was on her feet in an instant, gripping his arm with tense fingers. "Oh!" she breathed, "come! They mustn't overtake us. It would mean death. Come."

They rode, and a shot rang out behind them. Cries of "Stop!"—another shot—more riding, hot and fast and hard. A sharp turn to the right, another to the left, the thundering hoofs behind growing fainter now, farther, softer—then louder, nearer again. Another shot, another, whistling close to their ears, and Prince Cactus Pete reined in his own horse and hers.

"We got to give in," he said very quietly; "don't you worry, little girl, I won't let him get you. I'll take care of you. He shan't take you away from me."

Even in her fear and excitement she wondered at his words. Take care of her—not let them get her? The posse thundered down the path, surrounded them, and a mighty shout went up.

"Fer the love o' Pete! The fightin' parson! And we thought we had the thief. What in hell—beg pardon, parson, but what in blue blazes was you ridin' away like that fer?"

And another voice:

"Sis! Wanda, in the name of common sense, what does all this mean?"

"Sam!" Wanda's arms were around her brother's neck. "Tell me what it's all about."

"All about. That's what I want to know. I come down from the hills and start in to help run down a bandit, and instead I come on my own sister and the fightin' parson, lopin' off over the hills like they was plum loco. You tell me what it means."

"Your sister?" Prince Cactus Pete was staring hard at Wanda. "Your sister, Sam? You never told me you had a married sister."

"Married? Sis never has been married. What's eatin' you, man?"

"Never married? Not one of the divorce colony?" His eyes were searching her face now. She laughed out in relief.

"You heard that? It was—was just a bit of fun. But I thought you were the bandit, you know. What are you?"

"Just a plain, everyday preacher that likes to get out in the hills and forget his dignity and play cowboy," he grinned. "Say, Sam, why don't you all go and hunt your thief? He must be getting away from you pretty fast."

Sam, good brother that he was, took the hint. The posse, with many laughs, rode off up the trail. Prince Cactus Pete and his Sagebrush Queen stood alone, with only the rocks and the sagebrush and the wide, silent skies to witness their new acquaintance.

"I thought you were the robber. I was trying to save you," she whispered, eyes downcast.

"I thought your irate husband was after you at last. I was going to save you," he confessed. "And there you never had a husband at all. But you're going to have one, aren't you, my Sagebrush Queen."

She lifted her eyes, then, for one fleeting moment. All the glory of the sunlight, the blue skies, the wide, quiet spaces was in her glance.

"I—I—I'll never be a divorcee, anyhow," she declared valiantly.

THE CHARMER

(Copyright by Bluebird Photoplays, Inc.)

(Bluebird Film)

SCENARIO BY J. GRUBB ALEXANDER AND FRED MYTON *PRODUCED BY JACK CONWAY*

LEONA RADNOR

Cast of Characters:

Ambrosia Lee	*Ella Hall*
Don Whitney	*James McCandlas*
Charlotte Whitney	*Belle Bennet*
Judge Applebee	*Frank McQuarrie*

"NUMBER twenty-seven! Who has number twenty-seven?" Judge Applebee's voice rang out eagerly and anxiously. Through his gold-rimmed spectacles he glanced from face to face in the crowd gathered about the booth in the church bazaar.

The wheel of fortune had been spun, but the fateful number on this turn meant more than the winning of a doll. Hence the judge's eagerness and anxiety. In his brain had originated the idea to raffle off four little sea-waifs in place of the dolls that were drawing donations to the war orphans' fund. The waifs formed a queer quartet, and as they had made it quite plain from the time they were picked up on the beach that they would not be separated, it was announced the winner of the lucky number would have to take them all.

Now, Penntucket was a small shore town, depending mostly upon the fisheries for its existence. None of its inhabitants was wealthy, so the incursion of four strange members into any household required considerable weighing beforehand of new responsibilities and expense. There were a few among them who were willing to take the fair-haired little girl; there were others whose New England minds could see valuable service cheaply acquired in the little black boy; and a strong desire to possess the gibbering monkey perched on the black boy's shoulder was expressed by every youngster in the village, and by not a few of the adults, especially the seafaring men. The least noticed of the waifs was a cat. Tom at best was never other than an ordinary feline; but, as the ship's cat and the cook's pet, he had formerly presented an appearance of sleekness and dignity that had evoked general admiration. Now, after his adventures in an open boat, sea-washed and starved, he was not a figure to attract bidders. Besides, there were already too many cats in Penntucket. However, the little girl—Ambrosia Lee, she told them her name was—hugged the poor, emaciated, frightened animal to her thin bosom and snapped indignant glances at whoever seemed to insinuate the worthlessness of Tom.

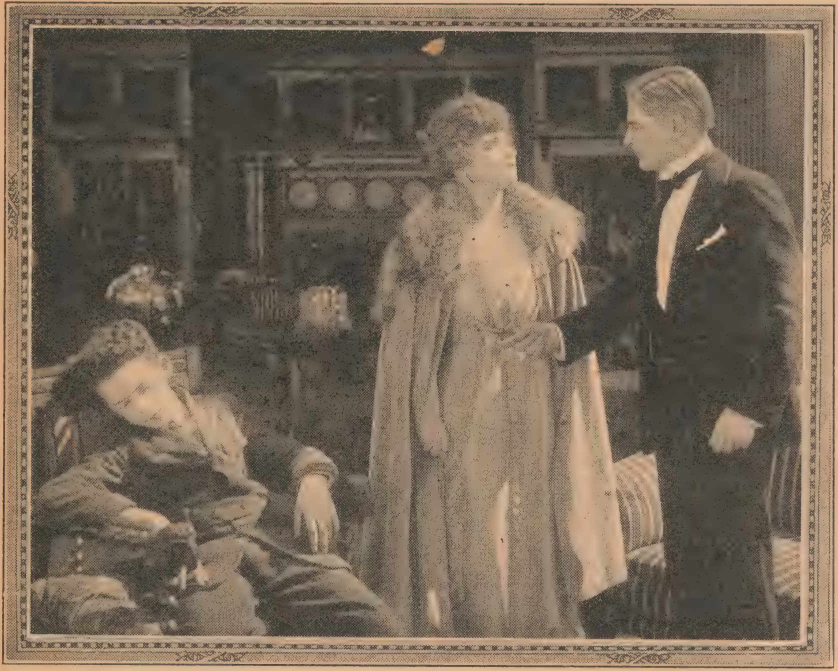
The gaping crowd about the booth was added to as the call went the round of the bazaar: "Number twenty-seven! Who has twenty-seven? It wins the war-babies!" (The waifs, having been in the wreck of a torpedoed steamship, were given the title of "war-babies".)

Suddenly there was a stir at the rear. The crowd was subjected to an elbowing, and Cynthia Perkins, one of Penntucket's spinsterhood, forged her way, flushed and breathless, to the front.

"I hold the ticket numbered twenty-seven," she announced.

The crowd tightened about her. There were titterings from the irrepressible young folks, while their elders exchanged significant glances. The judge's face wore, for the fraction of a second, an expression of doubt and disappointment. But the next moment his kind eyes gleamed upon Cynthia through the gold-rimmed glasses.

"Well, Miss Perkins, you've drawn a big lot," he said, with a suave smile. "I guess you are going to have an interesting time of it with these little strangers. And I am sure that they are going to have a good home. You have plenty of room for them, and are better able to afford such luxuries than others who might have liked your chance."



"Why isn't that boy in bed?" demanded his father.

Cynthia tried to smile amiably, but it was difficult. The truth of the matter was that she had not bought the ticket herself; she would not have taken the chance. It was the minister, upon whom she cast eyes of sheep-like devotion, who had taken the chance and given it to her. Under the circumstances, and as she was well able to care for the orphans, she dared not refuse nor show her chagrin. Ambrosia and Nero, her Hottentot companion, were a bit frightened as the stern-faced Miss Perkins looked them over critically, as though examining a bargain.

"You'll find them well-behaved children, I am sure," put in the judge. "The little girl's father was a missionary, and he had adopted the boy, whose parents were both dead. As for the animals, the children will look after them. So I don't anticipate that you will encounter much trouble in your noble task, Miss Perkins."

"I guess I can manage all right," conceded Cynthia, with a wry smile. "But I must admit it's upsetting to have so much thrust on me all at once."

However, when she caught the eye of the minister fixed on her, she took the children by the hand and began questioning them with an assumption of lively interest as she led them from the church.

The Perkins place was ideal for children. Set in the midst of a big garden, with flower-shot fields on all sides, the old-fashioned house promised a hospitality that the little waifs soon found to be non-existent. There were two vacant, comfortable bedrooms on the second floor; but Ambrosia was put into a small, partitioned-off corner of the attic. The abandoned wagon-shed was turned into a rude domicile for Nero, the monkey and Tom. They did not mind that, nor did they comprehend the indignity; for, in the African post where Ambrosia's father had been missionary, the mission itself was little better than the wagon-shed. So they were all inclined to be lighthearted and to get the greatest enjoyment out of their new environment. But Miss Perkins believed in repression for children. Ambrosia, according to the spinster's opinion, had recovered too quickly from the loss of her father, who had gone down with the wreck. She lectured Ambrosia on the unseemliness of her happy disposition until the child was in tears.

"I did mourn for my dear father," she would insist. "I cried and cried in the boat until I didn't remember anything more. And Nero cried, too. But father used to say that it was wrong to keep on mourning for any one. I know he is with God and he is happy, and so I should be happy for his sake. But I do miss him terribly, for he was all I had for years after mother died."

She would sob inconsolably; but an hour after, her child's heart would respond to the gladness of the summer air and she would be romping with Nero and Cæsar, the monkey.

Miss Perkins could not allow so much energy to be wasted, so she began to impose domestic tasks upon both the children. In a few weeks' time she had made drudges of them, keeping Ambrosia busy with housework and Nero digging and weeding in the garden. She congratulated herself that she had been lucky, after all, in having the waifs thrust upon her. Many a time, however, they shirked their tasks and escaped into the fields or down to the shore. A punishment invariably followed, and though they would be sent to bed supperless, Ambrosia to sob herself to sleep in her attic and Nero to cuddle himself up with Cæsar and Tom, his little black face wet with tears and his great black eyes staring fearfully into the dark, they could never resist the temptation for a fresh break when Miss Perkins' vigilance was relaxed. They detested her, and so Ambrosia frankly told old Judge Applebee when he met her going into the village on an errand.

"Well, well, now that's too bad!" he exclaimed, shaking his head. "Try to be good children and don't do things to annoy Miss Perkins, and perhaps she will be kinder."

Ambrosia tossed her golden curls from side to side as she looked up at the judge with solemn blue eyes.

"Do you know, Judge Applebee, I don't believe she can be kind," said the indignant child. "She just seems naturally sour."

"Dear me! That's a hard thing to say," expostulated the judge. "When we have to put up with things we don't like, it is best to be cheerful about it."

"Yes, that's what father used to say," Ambrosia replied wistfully.

"Well, my dear, run in and see me sometimes. There is my office across the street," said the judge, patting the curly head affectionately.

That evening Nero came to Ambrosia with his eyes popping out of his head.

"Say, missy, you know what all dem boys tell me?"

"No, Nero; what?"

"Dey say dat big house ober dere is ha'nted—ghosts an' ebil sperrrits is in it an' they'll git me!"

He pointed to the property adjoining Miss Perkins'. It was the country home of Franklin Whitney, a wealthy Boston broker. The house had not been occupied since the previous summer.

"That's silly!" said Ambrosia. "Besides, if there are any evil spirits, they won't hurt you as long as you are a good boy. The fairies won't let them."

"Ain't you afraid ob the ebil sperrits?" queried Nero in awe.

"Of course not!" scoffed Ambrosia.

"Would you go in dat house, missy?"

"It's all locked up," evaded Ambrosia.

"No, dere's a window I can open. You sure ain't afraid, missy?"

Ambrosia straightened up majestically. "Come; I'll show you," she said.

When she climbed through the window and stood in the darkened room, she felt a chill of fear trickling down her spine. But she would rather die than let little black Nero see the least faltering in her attitude. He pressed close to her side as they groped their way across the spacious room.

"Ow! what was dat?" whispered Nero.

Ambrosia thought she had seen a small, gray shape whisk by them in the gloom. In fact, she had caught her breath and had pressed her lips down on a scream just in time.

"It's nothing," she answered sharply. "My! but you're a 'faid-cat, Nero!"

There came a sudden bang from the other end of the room. With a whoop of terror, Nero turned and dashed back to the window.

"Come here!" called Ambrosia, her voice shaking despite the will she was exerting to appear calm.

But Nero was already outside and speeding away from the haunted house.

"Nothing can hurt me. Nothing would hurt a little girl, and I'm going to make Nero ashamed of himself," whispered Ambrosia.

She set her teeth, drew a deep breath and stumbled to a large window facing the West. She drew up the blinds, opened the window, and flung back the shutters. Lingering shafts of sunset entered the room, making even the remote corners visible. Ambrosia glanced about apprehensively. Then she laughed. Perched on a table, staring at her with comic, blinking eyes, was Cæsar. On the floor lay a book, the dust ridged about it proving that it had just fallen.

"There, now!" exclaimed Ambrosia triumphantly. "It was Cæsar that frightened Nero by coming in and then by throwing that book down."

She picked it up and read the title with delight. It was a book of fairy tales.

"Oh, lovely! I shall sit over here by the window and read it. Miss Perkins wouldn't let me have such a book."

Cæsar, unnoticed, went in search of Nero, and Ambrosia was left alone devouring her fairy tales by the fading light of the summer dusk.

She had read so long that the glamor of the tales was upon her. A noise near her drew her eyes from the book. Standing in front of her, regarding her with an expression of curiosity and amusement, was a young boy. He was a handsome boy, with brown curls and large brown eyes, but his face was rather pale.

"Oh!" exclaimed Ambrosia, pressing her hands together, "are you a fairy prince?"

The boy laughed. "Wake up! You're dreaming," he said. "Besides, what are you doing here all alone?"

Brought out of fairyland by the abrupt question, Ambrosia explained the situation. "But what are you doing here?" she countered.

"This is my home," he answered. "I am Don Whitney. I just got here with Parker, our butler. The others will come along to-morrow. And you live next door? Not with that sour old cat of a Perkins!"

"Yes, I do. And I don't like her, but it's wrong of you to call her a cat."

"Oh, chuck it! You know that's what she is; so why not say it?"

They laughed, and then Ambrosia told him how Cynthia Perkins had won her and the other waifs at the bazaar.

"Gee! I wish things like that happened to me!" sighed Don.

Then it was his turn to reveal his life to Ambrosia. The Whitneys, father and mother of Don, were not on the best of terms. He was absorbed in the business of adding to his wealth, and she gave all her time to the demands of society. Between them the boy had had little care or love. His present visit to Penntucket was the result of a quarrel between his parents. Mr. Whitney had been obliged to attend an important business conference one evening. He did not return home until after midnight. Mrs. Whitney was alighting from her car as he reached the door. Together they went into the house, and found Don asleep in an arm-chair in the library.

"Why isn't that boy in bed?" demanded his father.

"Well, it's Parker's night off, and the other servants evidently did not bother about him," she answered indifferently.

"You should have given orders before you went out," he said. Naturally the servants are indifferent when you take no interest in your own child. All you think of is clothes and society."

"Suppose you take a little interest," she sneered. "All you think of is business."

"I'll take some interest now. The boy doesn't look well. I'll send him up to Penntucket for the summer."

Then, lifting Don in his arms, he carried him up to bed.

And thus it was that the boy was sent up to the old Whitney homestead.

Don and Ambrosia became great friends. When she could evade Miss Perkins' surveillance, they would scamper into the Whitney grounds, play games, and stage plays in which each would play several parts, aided, when possible, by Nero and Cæsar. They were always fairy plays originated by Ambrosia. While Don scoffed good-naturedly at the fairies, he did not at all dislike the rôle of fairy prince for which he was invariably cast.

The weeks went by and still the boy lived in the big house with none to care for him but the servants. One evening Ambrosia, supposed to be in her attic room, slipped over into the adjoining garden and was about to give the signal that would bring Don out, when a man strolled into the path where she stood.

"Well, little girl, what are you doing here? Or perhaps you are a fairy. You look like one with the moonlight on your hair," he said.

Ambrosia looked up into his face. He was a good-looking, strong-looking, but rather sad-faced man, with hair that was turning gray. She clapped her hands and laughed

"You believe in fairies!" she exclaimed. "Don doesn't, but I call him a fairy prince."

"So you are Don's little playmate that I have heard about," said Mr. Whitney. "It is a pity that we can't always believe in fairies and be happy."

"Aren't you happy?" asked Ambrosia, a world of sympathy in her sweet, child voice.

"Not since I lost my fairy princess," he answered gravely.

He took her hand and smiled at the regret depicted in her face.

"How did you lose her?" Ambrosia fairly gasped out the question in her eagness.

"An ogre, called Society, stole her away from me."

"Can't you go and kill the ogre and get her back?"

"It wouldn't do any good, because he froze her heart into a cake of ice."

"But the good fairies could unfreeze it," argued Ambrosia.

"Do you think so? Suppose you ask them to do it," suggested Mr. Whitney good-naturedly.

"I'll ask them. Good-night," said Ambrosia.

She went to sleep in her attic, her mind filled with the problem of the frozen heart.

The following day she was still worrying about it. So she went to pay a visit to Judge Applebee and ask his advice.

"Dear me!" he said, wiping his spectacles. "This is a very delicate question. I have never had occasion to get into communication with the fairies and I hardly know how to go about it. Perhaps if Mr. Whitney could see this fairy princess and tell her how much he wants her back again her heart might melt. Suppose you write to him and tell him that."

The letter was written as he suggested, and was given to Parker to deliver to Mr. Whitney.

Soon after this Penntucket was startled by the news that Mrs. Whitney was about to bring suit for divorce in that town. On the day of the proceedings, when the crowded courtroom was on the tiptoe of expectancy, it was learned that the co-respondent named by Mrs. Whitney, and whose testimony was to win her the case, had met with an accident and would be unable to appear.

Ambrosia was passing the courthouse and she caught scraps of conversation from those who lingered on the steps.

"If Whitney's co-respondent is missing, that will stop the case," asserted one.

"It won't stop it, but it will delay it," corrected another.

"Mr. Whitney's correspondent?" thought Ambrosia. "Why, I wrote that letter to him, so I must be the correspondent."

She made her way through the crowd into the courtroom. Awed for a moment, she plucked up courage when she saw Mr. Whitney sitting up near the front looking very tired and sad. She rushed up to him, put her hand on his shoulder and faced the judge.

"I am Mr. Whitney's correspondent," she cried.

For a moment there was a surprised silence. Then the room resounded to laughter. Mr. Whitney put his arm about Ambrosia and questioned her. When he understood, he arose and explained how he had spoken of his troubles to the child in a fairy parable and how she had responded with a letter of advice. The room grew very quiet as he talked, and Mrs. Whitney leaned forward and watched him with a peculiar, startled look in her handsome eyes.

The spectators were dismissed. Only the principals in the case and Ambrosia remained. Mr. Whitney went to his wife.

"Charlotte, do you really wish to go on with this?" he asked.

"I can't very well, as your charmer has failed me," she said coldly.

"Charmer? What do you mean? Do you refer to that woman, my stenographer, who was willing to appear as a co-respondent and perjure herself for money paid by your lawyer?"

"Frank, be careful what you say!"

"Don't you know that?"

"Certainly not. You don't think I would stoop to anything so vile, do you?"

"I knew you were mighty anxious to get rid of me."

"No, it wasn't that, Frank; but I felt you didn't care for me any more."

"Charlotte, I thought the same about you."

She sought his eyes almost shyly, and they smiled shame-facedly.

"Then we'll drop all this and try again?" he whispered.

She laid her hand in his, then turned to Ambrosia.

"And who is this little girl, your correspondent?" she teased. "We shall have to call her your charmer."

"I am Ambrosia Lee," said the child with dignity.

"Ambrosia Lee!" cried Mrs. Whitney. "Not the daughter of Robert Lee, who was drowned when the *Pythias* was torpedoed?"

"Yes, that was my dear father," answered Ambrosia wonderingly.

"Why, Frank!" cried Mrs. Whitney.

"Why, Charlotte!" he echoed. "This is Robert's child! She is your niece."

Much to Ambrosia's astonishment, she was caught up in the beautiful woman's arms and smothered on her perfumed bosom.

"You are my aunt?" queried Ambrosia.

"Yes, dear; and I am your uncle," answered Mr. Whitney. "Now you are to come and live with us."

"In that lovely, big house? And can Nero come, too? And Cæsar and Tom?"

"The whole lot of you," he laughed. "The more the merrier."

"Oh, won't Don be glad!" she gurgled. "He was so lonely sometimes."

Don was glad at the wonderful changes in his home. He had a new father and a new mother, the sort he had always longed for. Then his little friend and playfellow was his very own cousin and was to go up to town with them at the end of the summer.

"Isn't it great!" he said to her a few days later, as they were gathering daisies in a field. "But there's one bad thing about it—I can't be a cousin and a fairy prince, too. We'll have to drop this fairy nonsense, anyway. It's too childish."

"Don't you believe in them at all?" she asked wistfully. "I hate to give them up."

He took her hand and smiled at the regret depicted in her face.

"I was only fooling," he said. "I honestly believe there's a fairy princess standing right among these daisies this very minute."

HANDS IN THE DARK

(Copyright by Universal Film Mfg. Co.)

(Star Featurette Film)

STORY BY E. M. McCALL *SCENARIO BY WILLIAM PARKER*

PRODUCED BY HENRY McRAE

By FREDERICK R. DENTON

Cast of Characters:

Jonathan Brewer	*E. N. Wallack*	*Warren Howard*	*J. Warren Kerrigan*
Helen Brewer	*Edith Johnston*	*Morton*	*Rex Roselli*

IF Jonathan Brewer had stopped to think that his daughter Helen was as likely as any other young girl to fall in love, and a great deal more likely than most girls to inspire love in some young man, he would probably have tried to guard her by some medieval method from the danger of Cupid's weapons. But Brewer was a man obsessed by one idea; he gave little thought to the possibility of the occurrence of things he did not desire. He was accustomed to power, and to arbitrary exercise.

He was an extremely rich man, and a hard, close one. For years he had prospered, and it was his conviction that he had done so largely by reason of his ruthlessness. The chances are that the opposite was true; that his real qualities, which were obscured and overlaid by his meanness and his petty tyrannies, were responsible for his success, and that that had come in spite of the things that made him almost universally hated and feared.

He was a capable business man, but he was withdrawing himself a little more each year from the cares of his business. He visited his office often enough to keep a close watch of affairs there, but as a rule he stayed at home, and he was developing miserly traits that would have been of marked interest to neurologists had it been possible to induce him to consult such people—had it been possible, that is, to make him realize that, no matter how strong his body might be, his mind was in need of treatment. But, of course, he seemed to himself to be entirely normal; it was the people who did not share his views and his desires who were, in his view, in need of medical attention.

The actual possession of money and of jewels—the repeated handling of them—gave Brewer his chief pleasure in his declining years. He was rich enough to travel and see the world; to live in the greatest luxury; to have motor cars, yachts, every luxury a man might crave for. He wanted none of them. To count over his money, to run strings of diamonds and emeralds, rubies and pearls through his covetous, grasping fingers, there was his joy. It was his dissipation, and a dissipation as vicious, as dangerous for himself and for others as that of the dram drinker, the solitary drunkard who drinks alone behind locked doors and shuttered windows.

Helen Brewer was not as unhappy as some girls might have been. The solitude of her life might have preyed upon her, but she found a constant delight in reading, and the house was full of books. Some girls might have wanted, knowing of the unlimited money that was available, some of the things that it could buy. But Helen had been brought up in the utmost simplicity; she had no notion, as a matter of fact, of the extent of her father's wealth. Her wants were few, and, to do him the small justice he deserves, Jonathan Brewer came nearer to being generous and open-handed with Helen than with any living creature who came in contact with him.

They found him bent over his jewels.

He loved her in his way—a distorted, perverted way, of course. His innate distrust of humanity, and especially of men, was perfectly honest and sincere. He believed it better for Helen to be shut away from the companionship of young men. It was his settled conviction that if any man wooed her it would be because of his reputed wealth; he was approaching the point of denying, even to himself, that he was rich.

It did not occur to him to be at all afraid of young Warren Howard. Howard was a clerk in his office; it was he who, when the necessity arose, came to Brewer's house with messages and papers of importance. He was young and good-looking enough; those were things Brewer was not likely to notice. Howard, in his eyes, was an automaton—a thing appointed to perform certain functions and duties, and, having done so, to disappear.

Helen scarcely shared her father's view, even the first time that she saw Howard. She had seen other men, though they had been few in number; but she had seen none who appealed to her quite as Howard did. She had seen none in whose eyes, as they rested upon her, there flashed the light that came into his. It was a matter of exchanged looks, at first, between them; Howard went to the house several times, saw Helen as often, before they spoke a word to one another.

But once they had really met, things moved swiftly. If Helen was in danger of falling in love with the first man of any attractiveness who appeared, Howard's case was different. He went about a good deal, was popular with the people he knew, might well have taken his choice among a dozen girls who had been attracted by him; but his feeling for Helen was too definite, too certain. The end of their romance was inevitable; it was not long before each knew the other's feelings.

There was help for these lovers, even in Brewer's house. Brewer's only servant was old Morton, who was called by himself, for the sake of his dignity and his importance in his own eyes, the butler. As a matter of fact, he was a general factotum and man-of-all-work. He did all the work in the house that was not done by Helen herself. Helen had known him all her life, and the two were great friends and sworn allies. Morton was devoted to his employer, but he was even more devoted to his employer's daughter. He saw the growing intimacy between Helen and Warren Howard, and he did not, as he might well have been expected to, hasten to give warning to his master.

On the other hand, he did what he could to further Howard's wooing. Perhaps it was because he saw what any one must have been able to see—that it was vitally necessary for her happiness and her whole future that she should be freed from the pall of her father's house; perhaps it was simply an instinct of opposition to the man who had held him subdued so long. At any rate, he won the undying gratitude of the two lovers by the help, the encouragement he gave them.

Even so, once their troth was plighted there had to be an end of concealment. Together at last, Helen and her lover went to Jonathan Brewer. They found him bent over his jewels, counting them, avid, eager, startled and angry as he heard their footsteps behind him.

"Eh? What's this? What's this?" he cried. "Spying on me? Sneaking up behind when I'm busy!"

He became aware of Howard suddenly, and frowned in puzzled wonder.

"What are you doing here, young man? You weren't sent here to-night. I didn't send for you."

"I came to see your daughter, sir, not you, this time," said Howard pluckily; "and it wasn't on business, you see, sir."

"Who gave you leave, eh?" Brewer sprang up in a high rage. "You impertinent young——"

"Father, I asked him to come!" Helen interposed with trembling lips and flashing eyes, half-angry, half-afraid.

"You know I've not wanted you to have callers! And a pup like this one!"

"Stop!" cried Helen. She was all blazing anger now. "I—father—Warren and I love one another. We want to be married. That's why we came in to see you."

For a moment it looked as if an apoplectic seizure might carry Brewer off, and so end, at a single blow, all the problems that loomed up before the lovers. But though he choked and sputtered so that Morton had to come in with water to relieve him, he recovered, and then he burst forth into a tirade. He denounced Howard as a fortune-seeker; called Helen a deluded fool for believing, for a single moment, that Howard had sought anything except money; raved and swore, threatened all manner of dire penalties, dismissed Howard from his employ, vowed that Helen should be locked in her room until she came to her senses—did everything, in short, a madman might have been expected to do.

Helen looked on and listened, amazed, shocked, incredulous. It seemed to her that this could not be her father who was speaking. She felt as if she were in a nightmare. The whole horrid scene had an unreal quality; it was the sort of thing, she felt, that might happen in another house, but never in her own home.

Howard, naturally enough, lost his temper. He gave word for word, threat for threat, and Morton hovered constantly about, trying to play peacemaker.

"Now, sir, Mr. Brewer, you don't mean that, sir; you wouldn't go to speak so of a lovely young lady like Miss Helen, sir," he said soothingly. "Mr. Howard, he's taken by surprise, sir. Let be to-night—take it up with him again, sir. Remember that he's old, and maybe not quite himself."

Brewer held all the cards, of course. Howard was really helpless. Short of picking Helen up and carrying her away to marry her, there was nothing he could do; and Helen, he knew, would have to be persuaded and won over before she would consent to such a defiance of her father; preliminaries were inevitable. So in the end he went tamely, and hated himself for going. He left Brewer raging, Helen sobbing, Morton endeavoring tactfully to smooth things out.

Helen went to her room in tears, all the foundations of her life upset, swept away. She flung herself, sobbing, upon her bed. A little later, as she dozed, she was aroused by

She and her aunt, guided by an old woodsman, went out every day.

some faint, strange, terrifying noise. She had that curious feeling of having heard something without knowing definitely what she had heard, but her feeling was strong enough to take her down-stairs; and in the room where she had left her father she found him. He was very stiff; his head was crushed in, and he was quite dead. Helen screamed — screamed again and again. Morton came; a policeman from outside heard her cries and came, clamoring at the door for admittance. Other officers, a curious crowd of official people, filled the house.

Reluctantly Morton, under the pressure of official questioning, told the story of what had happened. The jewels were gone. Search failed to reveal them in any of the hiding-places Brewer had favored. Warren Howard's name came and went; there was constant reference to him. Even Helen began to perceive the significance of that repetition. But they were merciful in a way. It was not until the next day that she learned he had been arrested, charged with the murder of her father.

Then she saw the papers. None failed to assume that Howard's guilt was already established. Faint reservations, dictated by consideration for the laws of libel, there were; but they were faint. It was obvious that the whole world, all the forces arraigned on the side of the law, thought Howard guilty.

Now, indeed, Helen lived a nightmare existence. The horror was cumulative. Reporters besieged her; lawyers came to her; she was forced to testify, and to know that her stumbling admissions would be used to tighten the chain of evidence against the man she loved. She herself did not falter. She did not believe that her lover had killed her father. Old Morton shared her belief.

"No, Miss Helen, I'll never believe he done it," he said. "He was too kind a young man, too brave and fair to do such a thing as that."

But unhappily it proved to be only too easy to make others believe it. The trial was called; the jury deliberated ten minutes before it filed back with its damning verdict of "Murder in the first degree!"

Howard was sentenced to death.

Helen, nearly frantic with grief and horror, was carried away to the mountains by Mrs. Greene, her mother's sister, from whom her father had long been estranged. Old Morton was taken along; he was, in those awful days, Helen's chief comfort and dependence.

Helen rode a great deal. The rush of the air against her as she galloped along seemed to help. She and her aunt, guided by an old woodsman, went out every day. And one day she rode alone. As she returned, the smell of smoke came to her more and more strongly, and she realized that there must be an extensive fire in the forest. As she neared the camp she saw that she was right, and she saw, too, that the fire was spreading and advancing in such a way as to threaten the camp itself. Suddenly, among the trees, she caught a glimpse of a skulking figure. it aroused her curiosity. She dismounted and followed, and presently, at a blazed tree, he began to dig. She looked on amazed, bewildered. And then he stooped, brought out a familiar bag, and she shrieked and sprang toward him. She seized the bag, opened it, and there saw revealed Jonathan Brewer's jewels.

"Morton!" she cried.

"Oh, Miss Helen!" he groaned. "Yes, I did it; I'm the murderer. I went mad! I guess I'd come to be a miser, too, like the master."

Before she understood what he meant to do there was a report. A little pistol fell from Morton's hand, and he sank down, bleeding.

There was much for Helen to do now; but that was a saving thing in itself. Desperate was the need of haste, but she got help. Morton lived long enough to repeat his confession to a notary, then died; and there was frantic work in reaching the governor and convincing him that it would be a new murder to sanction Warren Howard's execution now.

Somehow, everything was done—and in time. Warren Howard was saved; new evidence was produced as the result of Morton's confession, much more detailed than the one he had gasped out to Helen, which established definitely the truth of his statement. And so in the end, literally at the eleventh hour, Helen achieved her happiness.

STRAIGHT SHOOTING

(Copyright by Universal Film Mfg. Co.)

(Butterfly Film)

SCENARIO BY GEORGE HIVELY *PRODUCED BY JACK FORD*

By RICHARD ELLISON

Cast of Characters:

"Cheyenne" Harry	*Harry Carey*
Duke Knight	*Duke Lee*
Olive	*Mollie Malone*
Hoot	*Hoot Gibson*

OVER in the southwest corner of Wyoming, some years ago, on a lovely spring morning, a dark-eyed girl was singing blithely over her household work.

"Hoot" Hilson could hear her sweet voice from afar as he came dashing toward old "Sweetwater" Sims's cabin, of which his daughter Olive had been mistress many years.

"Thar she be!" muttered the cowboy admiringly; "a-walking like a bird as usual! Geewillikins! How I do love that gal! If I only dared to tell her so! Reckon she'd slap my face for me. Never knowed Olive to pay no attention to any man's palaver 'cept her dad's or her brother Ted's. Hang it all! I feel like a blamed rascal when I stop to think what my errand is."

He dashed on just the same, for the man was one of Duke Knight's "under" bosses on the biggest cattle range in the State, and, like others working directly under the millionaire cattle king, had been taught to obey.

As he drew closer to the Sims cabin the singing suddenly ceased and a beautiful girl of twenty appeared in the doorway. It was Olive, curious to see who had come.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Hoot?" she exclaimed. "What brings you way over here this morning? It's nearly a month since you have favored us with a call. Sorry father isn't home. He thinks a lot of you, and is always glad to see you. He went off to Diabolo, to do his marketing in the early morning. I expect him back by noon."

Hoot slipped from the saddle and hitched his bronco.

"Don't want to see him; then again I do," he growled. "I hate to break it to Sweetwater, who has allus treated me white. On the other hand, I'd sooner do business with a man than with a gal like you, Miss Olive; specially when it's the kind of business I've got on hand to-day."

An anxious look swept over the girl's face.

"More trouble for us with Mr. Knight?" she asked.

"Yaas; that's it. I've got a letter from the boss, but it's addressed to yer father——"

"I don't want to see it, Hoot. It is enough that I have to deliver it; but I would like to be prepared. I shall know better how to handle father. You know what his temper is when aroused. If you don't mind telling me in a general way——"

"Just what I'm proposin' to do," broke in Hoot. "That's why I'm glad to ketch you alone. The letter's a warning, Miss Olive. Duke Knight is determined to chase your father, and that's all there is about it. I'm afraid he'll succeed, too."

Olive's black eyes flashed.

"By what right?" she cried. "Duke Knight has bought or stolen almost all the good grazing land in this section. His immense holdings extend over three counties. Hasn't he enough to satisfy him without robbing us of the one hundred and sixty acres my father acquired from the government before ever he was born? It's an outrage and a shame!"

"It sure is something terrible," replied the cowboy sympathetically; "but it hain't only Sweetwater, Miss Olive. It's all the Nestors—the hull tribe. He swears they've just gotter go. If they won't sell to him at his price, well and good. The cash is ready; if not, why, Duke Knight swears he'll chase 'em. He's got a slick lawyer behind him. Swears he's got a good title to all the Nestor holdings. One hears a lot. I don't know much about it."

"That's just it," answered Hoot anxiously. "They better not. Duke Knight is all-powerful. If the Nestors put up a fight he swears that they shall be killed off to the last man. I heered him say so with my own two ears."

"Murder! It would not be the first time Duke Knight has resorted to it, Hoot. There was my cousin, Joe Nestor. Father and I have never doubted that Duke Knight was back of his death. But give me the letter. I should think you'd be ashamed to take the money of such a man."

"Now, thar you go, Miss Olive! I knowed how 'twould be. How kin I help it? Who else is there to work for around here? A fellow's gotter do something. Don't hold me responsible. And say, if it comes to a showdown you'll find me fighting for the Nestors every time; but meanwhile don't give me away."

"He got it by murder!" cried Olive.

"But I know!" cried the girl. "It's a plot, an infamous fraud against my dead mother's people. But let Duke Knight wait. The Nestors are not the kind to tamely submit to such injustice. They'll strike back; you'll see."

Olive took the letter and immediately went into the house, closing the door behind her, leaving Hoot to ride off feeling, as he expressed it, "like a whipped cur." The big-hearted cowboy was ashamed of his errand, as he had reason to be.

Olive was very quiet when her father returned. Her brother Ted, a year younger than herself, was with him. Both were hot and tired. Ted's arm was in a sling, as he had fallen from his horse, spraining it.

"So glad you've come!" exclaimed Olive. "Ted, you poor fellow, can I do anything for you? It's a shame!"

"Nothing but feed me," laughed Ted. "It don't amount to anything—my sprained wrist, I mean, but I'm as hungry as a starved coyote, and that's no dream."

"Dinner is ready. I'll put it right on the table," answered Olive. Not a word did she breathe of Hoot's visit or the letter until the meal was almost over, then as gently as possible she repeated in substance what Duke Knight's foreman had said.

"God bless you, Cheyenne Harry, for a man!" cried Sweetwater, grasping the outlaw's hand.

It was as she expected. Her father flew into a towering passion; but Olive was equal to her task. Waiting until the first outburst had subsided, she produced the letter, saying: "Now, father, try to control yourself. We don't want to yield to this man. What we do want is to thwart his evil purpose, and that we cannot do unless we keep cool and go deliberately about it. Read what he has to say and carefully digest it. Then, if best, I'll ride to the different Nestors and call them together. When we meet I expect you to take the lead and be the coolest of all."

Sims tore open the envelope and read.

"Same old business," he cried. "Claims my government title was never properly recorded, and so is no good. He's a liar. I can prove it——"

"Softly! Softly! Take it easy. Don't you say so, Ted?"

"Indeed I do," replied her brother. "What else does the letter say, dad?"

"We are warned away from the Sweetwater spring for which the boys have nicknamed me. He says the first or any Nestor caught drawing water there will be shot!"

"The idea!" flashed Olive. "Why, we've always used that spring. Isn't it on Nestor land, anyhow?"

"Joe Nestor's. Duke Knight's got that, and you know how he got it."

The daughter sprang to her feet; seizing the letter, she crumpled it in her clenched hand. "He got it by murder!" cried Olive. "And now the wretch would murder us for drinking water from the spring we have used all our lives! But let him beware; he may find it easy to scare off some of the Nestors, but not me!"

"Right!" cried Ted. "I'm with you, sis! We'll down Duke Knight somehow. Take it easy, father. You'll see!" Poor boy! Ted Sims little guessed what his part in the fight was destined to be!

It was while this family conclave was going on that a big, burly, red-faced man, alighting from a stylish car on the main street of Diabolo, entered Marty Baggs's "Mad Steer" saloon.

There were but few drinkers at the bar, although several cowboys were eating in the restaurant in the next room. Baggs, an evil-looking fellow with one eye missing, gave a leer of welcome from behind the bar. "Howdy, Mr. Knight!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands obsequiously. "'Tain't often that you favor the Steer with a visit. What will you have? Give it a name. Ef it's to be had in the house, it's yours."

"I want nothing to drink, if that's what you're driving at," was the reply. "A private word with you, Baggs. Can I have that? You don't appear to be particularly busy just now."

"Sure!" was the answer. "My barkeep's at his lunch. I'll call him."

He did so. The man came out of the restaurant grumbling about being disturbed at his meal, but when he saw the cattle king, like his boss, he was ready to fall all over himself. Baggs led the way to a private room off the saloon.

Meanwhile the big fellow, who with outstretched limbs sat sleeping off his drunk at the last table, slumbered on. He who had dared to disturb him would have been a bold man indeed; for, when drinking, no one could be more violent than "Cheyenne" Harry; the sleeper at the last table was no one else.

"Baggs," began the cattle king when the door was closed, "I want a couple of killers for a dangerous job. Can you put me next?"

"I sure can, boss. Do they want to be strangers in these here parts, or how?"

"It would be best; they must be men who can absolutely be depended upon, and I had just as soon they didn't know each other—see?"

"Right! And the job?"

"I have at last warned off the entire tribe of Nestors, as I have long threatened to do. Of course there will be some of the bunch who will not heed the warning. They must be quickly and separately removed. I'll stand between these men and trouble. Price to you, one hundred dollars a head. Make your own terms with the killers. What do you say?"

"I say yes to everything but the last proposition," was the reply. "Beyond helping you, Mr. Knight, I must decline to have anything to do with the matter. For my slight services you can pay me anything or nothing, as you please."

"Well, well! So be it. Are these men at hand?"

"One is Cheyenne Harry. He is the fellow fast asleep at the table. Isn't he a buster! Dead shot, too."

"Cheyenne Harry! I've heard of him. Outlaw, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes."

"Where does he belong? Cheyenne?"

"Not particularly now. He's anywhere and everywhere when not behind the bars. He's just finished up a two-years' sentence and is on a drunk. He'll do anything for money when the booze has got him. Shall I call him in? If you can spare the time 'twould be better to wait till he wakes up. He's as ugly as sin when disturbed."

"I'll wait as long as I can. And the other?"

"Oh, he's a tough they call Pacer Fremont. An out-and-outer. I shall have to send for him."

"Make the bargain with them, Mr. Baggs. I'll do the paying. You at least might do that much for me."

"Oh, well, let it go so," assented the saloonkeeper.

The barkeeper looked in. "Harry 's awake and wants to see you," he announced.

"And we want to see him," replied Baggs. "Send him in." A moment later the notorious outlaw came slouching into the private room. Baggs did the talking. The man listened in silence.

"How much land do you control, boss?" he then asked.

"Oh, my range is quite sizable," replied Knight. "I couldn't tell you the number of acres of land."

"And you think you need more?"

"I do. Besides, these Nestors interfere with my plans in other ways. I am determined to get rid of them. If you don't undertake the job I'll look up some one else."

"Oh, I'll take it. I need cash. Anything down?"

"Now, now, Harry!" protested Baggs. "You want to keep a clear head, you know, my boy."

"Well, that's so, too. You say there's to be two of us. Who's my running mate?"

"Pacer Fremont. Know him?"

"No; I'm not much acquainted around here. But that makes no odds. It's just as well that neither of us should know what the other is about. When do I begin?"

"I'll notify you. You stick here," said the cattle king, who then left the place.

Harry stuck to the Steer as the day wore on, but no liquor passed his lips.

About four o'clock Hoot hit Diabolo to run into Ted.

"Listen, kid, did your father get that letter?" he anxiously asked.

"Sure!" replied the kid. "He was awful mad. Sis has notified all the Nestors."

"So? Waal, the killers have been engaged and I've been sent to notify them to get on the job. Shan't do it. I've quit Knight. I shall fight for the Nestors."

"Good for you!"

"Oh, there's a limit, boy, and don't you forget it. Let's come in and have a drink."

Cheyenne Harry was lounging at the bar talking to two men when they entered.

"There's one of your Nestors now," whispered Baggs; "that boy. The other feller is one of Duke Knight's foremen."

"So," drawled the outlaw. "Then I may as well begin my work and see what sort of stuff these Nestors are made of." Without another word he began firing all around Ted, and when Hoot protested he went for him in the same fashion.

Hoot made a break for the open. Ted ran upstairs and, dropping on his bronco from the porch, rode to the sheriff, who came to the Steer; but when he saw who it was he would do nothing but sound a warning. Baggs passed it off as a joke.

Later came Pacer Fremont and was introduced, but Harry treated the ruffian coldly.

"We better keep apart," he said. "Each do his own work when we get the word to begin." Word came over the telephone later when Hoot, failing to return, warned Knight as to what he had to expect in that quarter.

It was a big drunk for Fremont that night, but Harry went early to bed. Next morning he had disappeared. Hoot spent the night at Sweetwater's, where Olive gave him a warm reception. It had been arranged that the tribe of Nestors should meet at the Sims cabin at ten o'clock next day.

Early in the morning Ted went to the forbidden spring for a bucket of water, to find a placard posted warning all Nestors not to touch the water on pain of death. The impetuous boy tore down the notice and filled his bucket. This much they knew, but no more. They heard the shot. Hoot and Sims ran to the spring to find the lad just breathing his last. Hoot had to literally carry the agonized father home, but Olive controlled herself.

"He shall be avenged!" she cried. "I'll go for the Nestors. We mustn't wait to be attacked. We must go for Duke Knight right now." Hoot could not stay here; he could only sound the warning as the brave girl rode away.

The father growing calmer at last, Hoot undertook to warn him, too.

"Don't want to influence you, Mr. Sims," he said, "but it's my opinion the best thing you can do is to leave me to bury the poor boy and slope. It was sure Cheyenne Harry who shot him. You know what he is. He's one of Knight's killers. He'll get you, too."

"Let him!" groaned Sweetwater. "I'd sooner be with my boy than live."

"But Olive?" protested Hoot. "Who will look after her?"

"You," was the reply. "She loves you, and I know it. You've been too bashful with my girl, Hoot."

"Gee!" gasped the cowboy. "Is that so? I'm glad I quit my job now. Durned ef I hain't! But you beat it, Sweetwater. It's sure the safest way."

"Never!" cried the rancher, and he returned to his dead.

This started Hoot on another tack. He resolved to return to Knight with a trumped-up excuse for his absence. He arrived outside the ranch office in time to overhear a conversation between the cattle king and Fremont. Then he knew that Harry was supposed to have thrown up his commission and that it was Fremont who had shot Ted. Other things he learned also of the greatest importance. Never showing himself, the faithful fellow rode away, resolved to warn Cheyenne Harry that he was marked for killing if he could find the man.

But he was not to escape so easily. Sharp eyes were watching him at the last. His spying was reported to Knight. Fremont was sent after him with all speed. Soon Hoot spotted the ruffian, who was better mounted than himself. Deliberately he drew rein and waited.

"Up hands!" yelled Fremont as he approached.

"Never for you!" retorted Hoot. He flung up his rifle instead and shot Knight's "killer" dead. Half an hour later the corpse was deposited in front of Knight's office and the rascally cattle king knew that one of his evil schemes had failed.

He was now furious.

"This settles it!" he stormed. "We go for the Nestors right now!" His orders were quickly given. Soon a sizable gang were dashing off to the Sweetwater spring.

Meanwhile the clan had gathered. They were in full discussion when Hoot came dashing up.

"Be ready!" he cried. "Knight's gang is upon you. You will have your hands full now to save yourselves!"

The warning came none too soon. In five minutes' time the fight was on. Instinctively the Nestors accepted Olive's lead.

No mercy was shown by the cowboys. The weaker party was getting the worst of it when suddenly a shout went up and twenty armed and mounted men led by Cheyenne Harry came dashing up and joined the fray.

This settled it. The cowboys were quickly put to flight, leaving several dead behind them. Word went the rounds that Duke Knight himself was wounded. Harry listened grimly and answered that he believed it was true.

"Boys, you have saved the day," declared Sweetwater. "Whom have I to thank?"

"Cheyenne Harry!" cried several. "There he stands."

"And my friends," added Harry. "Ever hear of Black-eyed Pete's gang, you Nestors? Here they are—on the job to oblige me!"

It was so. Urged by the remarkable man who led them, this bunch of the most notorious outlaws in Wyoming had for once been fighting for the right.

"Where's Olive?" cried Hoot suddenly. "She was in evidence just before these gentlemen came."

Where, indeed! There was no Olive in evidence now. Hoot's heart felt like lead in his bosom.

"A short, dark girl with her hair hanging loose?" demanded Harry.

"Yes, yes!" replied Hoot.

Without a word the outlaw flung himself into the saddle and dashed off up the hill, closely followed by Hoot and others who were all at a loss to understand; but Harry remembered seeing such a girl lassoed and captured by one of the cowboys.

"Likely there's no hope," thought the brave fellow; "still, I can only try it on! Olive! Olive!" he shouted. "Where are you? Answer if you need help!" Not at first was the cry responded to. Not until it had been sounded again and again. Then there came a faint call for help and Olive, clinging to a stunted pinon growing from the side of a cliff over which she had been thrown by Knight's special order, felt that certain death might not be her portion after all.

Nor was it! It was Cheyenne Harry who drew the plucky girl up to safety, and, in company with Hoot, took her to her father's cabin where many of the Nestors had by this time gathered.

"God bless you, Cheyenne Harry, for a man!" cried Sweetwater, grasping the outlaw's hand.

Just then Hoot, who had flung himself into the old rocking-chair, made an announcement which startled all there.

"Say," he drawled, "I've just heard that the devil's dead—in other words, Duke Knight. Some one must have done straight shooting; dunno who."

"'Twas you!" cried Olive, with her eyes fixed upon Harry's face.

"Mebbe it was me," drawled Hoot. "I took a shot at him, that's one sure thing."

"There are two bullets into him," said the Nestor who had brought the news.

"Then we shall have to share honors, brother," Hoot said to Harry.

"Not at all," was the calm reply. "Here's your reward, young man," he added, taking Olive's hand and putting it in Hoot's. "Good-morning, friends. Cheyenne Harry is only too glad if his straight shooting has been of service to you."

He strode from the cabin, flung himself into the saddle and went dashing away, never to be seen in those parts again.

SAME AS CASH

TAFFY was a tar-heel,
Taffy was a ho-bo.
Taffy came to my house
And swiped a raw po-ta-to.
W'ot t'ell did Taffy do
With a raw po-ta-to?
Swapped it for a ticket at
The corner Movie Picture Show.

—JOHN P. ROBINSON.

THE WINNING PAIR

(Copyright by Universal Film Mfg. Co.)

(Gold Seal Film)

WRITTEN BY EUGENE LEWIS *PRODUCED BY L. W. CHAUDET*

By GEORGE W. ROGERS

Cast of Characters:

Beatrice	*Ruth Stonehouse*
Jack	*Roy Stewart*
Mr. Croft	*Alfred Allen*
Mr. Moore	*Harry Dunkinson*

CROFT & MOORE, shoe manufacturers, was the way the business sign once read. But when the old partners quareled over some trivial matter and separated, each started in business for himself, and they had never spoken to each other afterwards. And as each of the old men piled up a fortune of millions, both succumbed to the gout as a result of their efforts to consume all the visible supply of port wine in the world. It made them decidedly grouchy, as their children found out to their sorrow.

"You cannot marry Jack Croft," old Moore told his daughter, when he discovered that his ex-partner's son was madly in love with her. "He is only twenty-four, but a breezier, more impudent rascal never lived. Besides, I hate his father worse than the devil hates holy water."

"But I love Jack, and he loves me," protested the pretty little brunette in the greatest dismay.

"Pah! Love? Nonsense!" quoted the old man in disgust. "What do you know about love, I'd like to know? You are scarcely twenty—a mere child yet. Don't you let that young scoundrel put any such crazy notions in your head. It's all a plot of his father's, the infernal old villain. He wants that rascally son of his to win your affection, then cast you off, to throw his spite on me. I see through their scheme."

"No, no, papa; you are mistaken, really you are," gasped Beatrice. "Jack is a splendid fellow. You don't know him. Let me introduce him——"

"What!" roared Mr. Moore wrathfully. "Introduce that puppy to me? Never! Never, I say."

"Very well," said Beatrice resignedly, but there was a determined glitter in her eyes, for she had the same stubborn disposition as her father. "You do not have to meet him if you don't want to. I'm going shopping now, and will return in an hour. Make yourself as comfortable as you can during my absence." She kissed him lightly on the cheek and passed down the graveled part of the garden. As she turned a corner in the town she almost collided with her sweetheart, who was strolling along with a woebegone expression on his handsome face.

"Oh, Jack, I am so glad I met you," she cried. "I've got such bad news. Papa is utterly opposed to our union, and absolutely refuses to have anything to do with you on account of his silly quarrel with your father."

"I expected it," he answered gloomily. "And as a matter of fact I've had a fearful row with my own governor on account of my attentions to you."

"How dreadful!" she gasped blankly.

"As another matter of fact," Jack went on, "he has just disinherited me because I refuse to forget all about you. Beatrice, I'm a beggar—no home, no friends, no work."

"And all on account of me," she muttered; "you poor fellow! I'm so sorry for you! I'm responsible for your embarrassing financial situation, but I'm going to stand by you."

"And I'll stick to you even if I haven't a cent."

"Oh, you'll be taken care of. Meet me at my father's factory to-morrow morning at eight, and I'll see that you get employment."

"But, Bea, suppose your dad finds it out."

"Don't you worry about that until the exposure takes place," she laughed. "Leave it to me. You are a star salesman, and that's what dad is looking for, see?"

"Yes," but your dad specializes in men's shoes, and I am only accustomed to women's, the kind my father makes."

"Very little difference. Shoes are shoes, you know, and it won't take you an hour to learn the selling quality of men's footwear. Are you afraid to venture it?"

"No, indeed. I'll be on hand promptly."

A few minutes later they parted, and Beatrice went home with a fixed purpose in her mind. She intended to make her father like this young man if there were any possible way of doing it.

On the following morning her father's gout kept him at home, and she easily prevailed upon the factory superintendent to employ Jack at as high salary as was ever paid a mere shoe salesman. As she went to the door she whispered to Jack: "Keep out of dad's sight in case he comes down later, for he is going to be awful angry at me."

"What for?" asked Jack uneasily.

"You know I'm an awful bug on shoes. It's born in me to love them. I've got a supply of twenty pairs of the fanciest make at home. They all came from your father's place during the past few months, and the bill has just come in. It amounts to $380."

"It was that bill which led to my trouble," laughed Jack. "I pointed out to the old gent that you were a valuable customer. But instead of breaking his prejudice, it increased his ire. 'Such extravagance,' he yelled, "clearly brands the girl a fashionable spendthrift! I don't want such a spender in my family.' When I asked him to make the bill void he refused and threw me out."

"Pop will pay it," she laughed reassuringly, "but he will be dreadfully angry when he learns that I've been dealing with his hated rival."

"Don't show it to him."

"Like fun I won't. I love to tease him. If you hear a noise in the office, something like a 42-centimeter gun going off, you will know we are at it."

Jack laughed mirthlessly. Her pluck amazed him. Ezra Moore was an ogre he dreaded, yet here was a mere slip of a girl enjoying herself by tormenting him.

"Be careful," she warned as they parted.

At the end of the week Mr. Moore made his office during a lull of pain in his big toe. But he had scarcely seated himself at his desk when Beatrice sailed in, clad in a natty checked riding habit. As luck would have it, Jack happened to pass through the office and saw her. But he discreetly paused near a rear door behind the old man's back and waved a frantic signal for her to be cautious. She winked at him knowingly and drew out John Croft's bill.

"Well, well, well," began her father in pleased tones, and he beamed on her and chuckled: "So you have paid your old daddy a call in his office, eh? You don't know how glad I am to see you, Bea. Be seated."

"I've only called on business, dad. Here's a little bill to be paid to my shoemaker."

She handed him the invoice and waited.

Ezra Moore opened the bill gingerly and glanced at it; the happy smile fled from his face, and he let out a roar that rang through the factory. The next moment he began to swear, then, checking the outburst, he slammed the bill on his desk and banged it with his fist.

"I won't pay it!" he shouted.

"They'll sue me if you don't," said Beatrice sweetly. "What's the use of kicking, dad? I bought the shoes and you've simply got to pay for them."

"I won't, I tell you!" he bellowed furiously. "Let 'em sue and be hanged. Who cares? Do you think I'm going to benefit Ezra Moore? No. It's a put-up job to swindle me. He has overcharged you. Let him go to thunder!"

She handed him the invoice and waited.

"Dad, hush! Don't act like a little schoolboy. It's a just bill, and I'm the one who will have to be humiliated by being dragged into court. Gee! Won't my friends laugh! It will tickle them to death to gossip about us being so poor that we can't pay our honest debts. And your business friends will have a choice morsel of scandal to talk over among themselves. I——"

"Hold on!" he interrupted anxiously. "Gimme that bill. I never thought of that. I'll pay it. There, now, don't cry, dearie!"

She was laughing in the handkerchief held to her eyes, for Jack had taken fright and bolted through the door as Mr. Moore turned in his chair.

"I knew you wouldn't let me be disgraced. Oh, you dear old daddy," she cried, and, flinging her arms around his neck, she kissed him. He smiled and patted her cheek.

"But don't deal with John Croft again," he admonished.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because they've flim-flammed you. See here."

He pointed out to her item by item what the overcharged prices were. It nettled her.

"Let me have that bill," she remarked decisively as he finished. "I've been an innocent fool, dad, but I guess I can get this account rectified."

Wondering what she had in view, the old man handed the bill to her, and she made her way to Croft's factory office.

"See here, Mr. Croft," she remarked in a very business-like way, "you have grossly overcharged me for these shoes, and I want a very material reduction made in this bill. Here's an itemized account of the real value of the goods. Look it over and see if you shouldn't be ashamed of yourself for trying to take a mean advantage of me."

The old man scowled and glanced at the bill.

He realized that she must know prices, as her father was in the business, and saw that the charges were very exorbitant. But he did not fancy making a rebate.

"Why, these charges seem to be all right," he remarked. "What's wrong about them?"

"They are not the prices asked when I bought the shoes. And as I have a memorandum of the dates of purchase and witnesses who heard the prices, I think I have grounds for an action against you for cheating."

The old man turned pale.

"Must be some mistake here," he growled hastily. "Leave the bill here and I'll have a corrected statement mailed to your father."

"Very well. Just for that I'm not going to deal with you any more. You've lost a good customer for your greediness, see?"

And, giving him a contemptuous glance, she swept out of the office with her pert little nose elevated to an angle of forty-five degrees.

When she arrived at home and explained to her father what she had done he laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks. But a sudden twinge of pain in his afflicted toe doubled him up, groaning dismally.

"I'm in a bad way with the gout, my dear," he remarked when the pain subsided. "The doctor has ordered me to Palm Beach. I want you to go with me."

She did not object, although the idea of separating from Jack got on her nerves until a good plan entered her mind. On the following morning she met her sweetheart and told him the news. Then she saw the superintendent of the factory and told him to change Jack's territory so he would cover the district embraced in Palm Beach. The news immensely delighted Jack.

At the first favorable chance they made their plans for the future and Beatrice left him. The next few days were spent getting ready for the trip, and they finally made their way to Florida. There were many of Beatrice's friends at the watering-place, with whom she enjoyed herself immensely.

"I presume you are still in love with Jack Croft," said one of her acquaintances at a week-end party of which she was the life and center.

"Yes, indeed. I expect him down here, Mr. Jones."

"Well, you are not likely to meet him for some time, then, for he is over at Sandy Bay on the trail of a big buyer. The man's name is Gerald McLaughlin. He's the head of a string of large shoe stores, and happens to be spending his vacation there."

When she returned to the hotel she found a telegram from Jack saying he would see her soon. But her impatience was aroused.

"If he can't get here, I'll go there," she reflected.

Next morning she quietly packed all her shoes and clothing, leaving a note for her father saying she had gone on a short trip, and hastened away.

"How will these shoes do, Mr. Mailes?"

As the train sped toward Sandy Bay a mischievous smile stole over her pretty face as she thought how surprised Jack would be to see her. But her hopes were shattered, for a spreading rail wrecked her car. She was not injured, and a wagon brought her and her trunks to Sandy Bay. There she was fortunate enough to secure a room at the same hotel at which McLaughlin was stopping. An injury to one of her trunks caused it to burst open, scattering her choicest footwear over the floor of the office."

"She must be a shoe saleswoman," the hotel clerk remarked to the porter. "Put those shoes back and carry the trunk to the sample-room."

Very much tired by her trip, Beatrice had retired to her room ignorant of the fate of her trunk. On the following morning, after breakfast, she repaired to the veranda, when suddenly a man's arms closed around her waist.

"Oh, Jack!" she exclaimed delightedly.

"What on earth brought you here?"

"Impatience to see you."

"Well, I saw your name in the hotel register last night when I came in with McLaughlin, and I wondered what brought you here. That's why I was on the watch for you. It seems your trunkful of shoes burst open, and seeing so many of them has made the people here suspect you are a shoe-house drummer."

Beatrice burst out laughing. The

idea appealed to her sense of humor, and she remarked:

"As long as I've got the name, I may as well have the game, Jack. I'm going to pose as a shoe saleswoman to your friend McLaughlin, using my own shoes as samples."

"All right. Go to it. He wants to buy women's shoes."

"Introduce me, and I'll see what I can do."

Jack complied, with the result that her shoes were such good ones that McLaughlin gave her a tremendous order for a similar line.

"Heavens!" she muttered when the man was gone, leaving a bona-fide signed order for half a million dollars worth of shoes in her hands. "What shall I do with it?" she asked Jack.

"Send it to my dad, charge him the usual commission, and start a bank account."

"Very well. Post me on the method of business procedure. This is all new to me, Jack."

He carried out her wish, with the result that John Croft received the order, she got the big commission and Jack's father, realizing that he had suddenly acquired a wonderful new saleswoman, began to rush her to get more business. Beatrice had entered into the excitement and novelty of the adventure.

"You wait here," said Jack. "As a team we are going to achieve a huge business success, and when we've established ourselves we can defy our respective fathers and get married."

"All right," she laughed. "Have you a lead?"

"I just got wind of the fact that an army purchasing agent is in the market to place an order for 350,000 pairs of shoes. He is besieged by a mob of shoe drummers, but I've shown him your father's samples, and he likes them better than any he has seen. But they have no ankle support. If I can get up the right sort I'll land that order."

"By Jove, you have hit the very idea. I'll order some from the factory, made according to your specifications, and we'll try it."

The letter was sent, and within a few days the samples came back. Away went Jack and his sweetheart to the purchasing agent's office. A drummer named Mose Cohen from another manufactory was there striving to get the order. But Beatrice put the big army shoes on her tiny feet, lifted her skirt, and asked sweetly: "How will these shoes do, Mr. Mailes?"

"Just the thing," declared the agent. "Let me look at those rubber ankle supports, Miss Moore."

She lifted her feet one by one, and the agent drew off the shoes and carefully examined them.

"Do we get the order?" she asked the agent.

"You get it," he laughed.

And the order, signed and sealed, was given to her, and they silently returned to the hotel. Here Beatrice mailed it to her father in Jack's name and they went to dinner.

"Time for me to go back to dad now, Jack," she said during the course of the meal.

"I'll escort you," he answered. "It's about time we did something for ourselves, Bea. My dad, I've heard, is coming on to meet the extraordinary little saleslady who has taxed his factory beyond its capacity. And I feel pretty sure your dad will want to know the new salesman who sent him a war order that makes him run night and day."

They returned to Palm Beach and parted.

On the following day John Croft and Ezra Moore were out in their wheel chairs on the promenade and met.

"You old cheat!" shouted Moore at his former partner.

"Get out, you old rat!" retorted Moore.

They shook their fists at each other, but before hostilities could begin their attendants rushed them off. From a distance Jack and Beatrice had witnessed the scene.

"Their enmity is all sheer nonsense," said Jack. "We must try to reconcile them, Bea."

"That's easily done. Those big orders will give us a club when we four meet in the hotel to-night."

The appointment of Croft and Moore with their unknown sales man and girl was for eight o'clock. And when both were wheeled in and saw their son and daughter, standing hand in hand laughing at them, a deathly silence ensued.

"Are you the girl who sent that order?" demanded Croft at last. "Are you the Beatrice Moore?"

"Certainly I am," she responded pertly.

"And you!" roared Moore, glaring at Jack. "Did you send in that army order to my factory?"

"He did," declared Beatrice.

The two old men looked at each other, smiled and finally gripped hands.

"It's no use keeping up the feud, John."

"No, Ezra. Our kids have beaten us."

"If we want to live up to our contracts we shall have to consolidate our two businesses again."

"I'm satisfied."

"And while that consolidation is going on, gentlemen," interposed Jack, "Beatrice and I are going to consolidate in the holy bonds of matrimony. For you cannot help admitting that we are the winning pair!"

THE REWARD OF REALISM

RUTH LACKAYE had been cast as the schoolteacher in a Balboa feature, and when she was called for the scene a number of little extra boys were already in their seats in the stage schoolroom. Miss Lackaye was made up for the rôle with her customary exactitude, and one of the lads remarked:

"Gee! I'd hate to have to go to school to her!"

Miss Lackaye was accordingly much gratified with her successful make-up. After the scenes were ended and, attired in her right mind and every-day clothes, she crossed the stage, one of her erstwhile pupils said to the lad who had criticized her:

"There she goes now. That's the woman who played the schoolteacher!"

The other boy stared. "Oh, no; you can't tell me that was that old sour-faced schoolteacher. She couldn't look like that!" And Miss Lackaye was again very much gratified.

HENRY AND FRANEY TOGETHER AGAIN

Wm. Franey—straight.

Gale Henry—made up.

"'UNITED we stand, divided we stagger'—that is to say, when we appear together in comedies we do much better than when we play in separate companies. But, we are together again, for which we are thankful."

It was Miss Gale Henry who was speaking, and this Universal comedienne was referring to William Franey and their work opposite each other in the comedies they have made during the past three years.

Lately Miss Henry has been playing the lead in one Joker Comedy Company and Franey the comedian in the other.

Exhibitors have been writing and wiring to Pres. Carl Laemmle, asking that Miss Henry and Franey join forces again. President Laemmle then telegraphed to Henry McRae to re-organize the comedy companies so as to enable the demand of the exhibitors to be met. Gale and Bill will start in a few days on Joker comedies together.

BROWNIE AND HERB TOGETHER AGAIN.

"HELLO, there, Agnes," said Rawlinson as he passed a very attractive hazel-eyed blonde.

"Oh, that's not my name now. You know, since we played together they have changed my name to Brownie. Don't you like it?"

"Any name goes all right with you, Brownie, and I am mighty glad that we are back working together. Aren't you?"

Then, hand in hand, they walked into the production office, where Director Elmer Clifton waited to start the first scenes of "Sky-High," written by Waldemar Young and Frank T. Dazey. In the cast appears for the first time in pictures young Henry Schumann-Heink, son of the prima-donna, who spends a great deal of her time at Universal City when she is in California.

Two years ago Herbert Rawlinson and Brownie Vernon were the most popular stars on the Universal list.

MAX IS BACK BY HIMSELF AGAIN.

"LOOK here," said Franey, "I have had my fingers crossed all this time. I knew you'd come back, and here you are." Franey and Moranti were formerly supernumeraries in the company in which Max Asher and Gale Henry were the stars. Franey, by hard work and natural ability, was enabled to take the place that Asher left when he completed the "Lady Baffles" and "Detective Duck" series, and packed up his duds and went away. So now when Asher is back he meets Franey as a star on equal footing.

Franey is now co-star with Gale Henry, and Max Asher returns to work in Victor Comedies, the first of which will be "Scandal Everywhere," and released on the last day in August. It's a Friday! Fine time to begin a series! Beautiful Gladys Tennyson supports Asher in his new venture, and they are directed by Craig Hutchinson, formerly with the L-Ko Komedy Kompany.

REAL KIDS IN PICTURES

Little Zoe Rae.

ZOE AND HER SPORT COAT

ZOE RAE has earned the title of "Universal Baby." She already has the distinction of having been starred in a Butterfly Picture, "The Circus of Life," which was directed by Rupert Julian, and she is working in the leading rôle of another at the present moment. Elsie Jane Wilson, who in private life is the wife of Mr. Julian, is directing this picture, having assisted her husband in many of the films which he has produced. The new one is called by the working title of "Hidden Treasure; or, The Cruise of the Jolly Roger," and such well-known players as Gretchen Lederer, Lillian Peacock, Frank Brownlee and Charles West are supporting the baby star.

Zoe sent in this photograph of herself as a "fashion picture," telling the home office that it showed her new "sport coat." It is the first "sporty" garment that the six-year-old has ever owned, and she is immensely proud of it. She never contemplates the possibility of doing anything in the world but play for the camera. She started at the age of twelve months, and all her memories are associated with motion picture studios. She would hardly be happy anywhere else, and simply adores to act, and the bigger and more emotional the rôle, the happier she is.

Her latest accomplishment is learning to ride a motorcycle. She has owned an automobile for some time, and has learned to drive it with such success that she thinks she ought to be able to master all means of locomotion.

A REAL BOY

Gordon Griffith.

GORDON GRIFFITH is borrowed in turn by Bluebird and Butterfly. Among recent things that he has done are one of the Belgian orphans in "The Little Orphan," a Bluebird, and the boy in "Like Babes In the Wood," the Victor two-reel feature in which he plays opposite Violet McMillan in one of the most charming juveniles which Universal has ever released. The picture is like a story-book come to life, and gains enormously by the clever work of Fred Woodward, the greatest animal impersonator in the world, as a whole menagerie of animals.

Griffith attracted the attention of the Universal authorities first in a Gold Seal called "A Son of Neptune," of which he was really the star. Our illustration is from "If My Country Should Call," a Red Feather production.

A TINY BUTTERFLY

WHEN the Butterfly Picture "Man and Beast" was released, all the professional critics commented upon the performance of one of the most unself-conscious actors who had ever appeared on the screen. This was the little boy, brought up in the African jungle, who was stolen by the Orang-outang (the almost human Joe Martin), and rescued by Charlie, the Universal elephant. No one knows his name to this day. The kiddie appeared with a leopard and a lion, in addition to Joe and Charlie, and showed not the slightest sign of fear of any of them.

Lena Baskette.

Lena made up wonderfully effective as an Egyptian, for there is something exotic in her appearance, which allows her to impersonate such rôles remarkably well. A late release in which she appeared was the Gold Seal, "The Black Mantilla," a story of Mexico, staged by Ruth Ann Baldwin, in which a dancing contest played a part in the action. Lena was to take her turn with the adult dancers, and it was pretty to watch the impatience with which she waited for it.

At the present time she is appearing in a series of two-reel pictures, which are made by Marshall Stedman. These stories have been chosen with a special view to using her talents as a dancer. In one of them, called "Amelita's Friend," the title rôle is played by Joe Martin, the almost human orang-outang, who is Lena's great favorite.

Elizabeth Janes.

THE BIMINI SEAL

WHEN the three-reel Bison, "The Soul Herder" is shown, an extraordinary picture with Harry Carey as its star, audiences will be particularly interested in the work of the little girl, *Mary Ann,* who adopts *Cheyenne Harry* as her new daddy, and by forcing him to wear the clerical vest of her own father, murdered by the Indians, succeeds in getting him to clean up the whole town of Buckhorn. *Mary Ann* is played by Elizabeth Janes, one of the "regulars" at Universal City.

Elizabeth is known as "The Bimini Seal" in California, which title she earned by performing the stunt of diving from a high railing into the ocean with her hands and feet tied. She did this for the camera to show that there was no deception about it. Jack Conolly of Universal City is congratulating her on her feat.

Elizabeth is a well-formed little actress with a remarkably pretty face. She is extremely courageous, and knows just how to appear to the best advantage before the camera. In the picture her director is seen shaking hands and congratulating her for the remarkable pluck she exhibited when she made the dangerous high dive recorded above. Doing stunts is not Elizabeth's greatest forte. She is a born moving picture actress. Her performances are really remarkable for such a young child. She gives promise of being a celebrated star.

ABOUT LENA BASKETTE

MORE than a year ago the announcement was made that the longest Universal contract ever drawn had been signed between the film company and a little girl called "Lena Baskette." Lena is not very old, but she can already lay claim to the two titles, "actress" and "dancer." It was her dancing which attracted the attention of the Universal officials. She received the nickname of "Pavlowa, Junior."

Lena has appeared in a great number of Universal pictures. She played what was practically a stellar rôle in "The Caravan," that remarkable study of Old Egypt, in which Claire McDowell has the leading adult rôle.

GEORGIA'S VARIED EXPERIENCE

GEORGIA FRENCH, at the bottom here, is one of the standbys in Universal pictures. She has spent most of her brief life at Universal City, and has worked for nearly every director on the lot.

Georgia has played quite a range of parts for such a very young screen actress. She has been a cupid and a fairy very often, for nature gave her a nearly perfect child's figure of which artists have spoken in high praise. Georgia is a little American, and her great delight is to be cast in a patriotic film.

THE ACTRESS BEAUTIFUL

BEAUTIFUL Virginia Pearson comes from good old Southern stock, and after receiving an extensive education was appointed librarian in her home town. In amateur plays she soon attracted wide attention for her natural talent, and it was not long before she received offers to appear on the professional stage, where her rise to prominence was rapid. Miss Pearson has the distinction of playing the first vampire rôle in this country when she created the part of *The Woman* in "A Fool There Was," with Robert Hilliard. In criticising her work in this play, George P. Goodall of the Detroit *Free Press*, said: "Miss Pearson has little to learn from Nazimova, Bernhardt, or any of the celebrities appearing in tragedy."

Miss Pearson deserted a particularly successful career on the stage in favor of the motion picture studio. With Vitagraph she soon became popularly known to followers of the silent drama, and it was not long before she received flattering offers from other big producers. Thus, on conclusion of her contract with Vitagraph, this noted actress accepted an offer from William Fox, under whose management she has been appearing for over a year. In Fox productions she rapidly increased her popularity a hundredfold, with the result that to-day she has admirers in every part of the globe.

Off the screen Virginia Pearson is just a wonderfully intellectual girl of unusually sweet disposition. In her home life on Riverside Drive she is the devoted wife, her husband being none other than Sheldon Lewis, the well-known "villain" of "The Iron Claw" and other serial fame. A typically "home" girl, Miss Pearson is most happy when she can fuss around her beautiful apartment. Nothing gives her more pleasure than to roll up her sleeves and help the cook with a pudding or a cake. Beloved by her servants and esteemed by all her friends, Virginia Pearson, in addition to being one of the most famous screen beauties, is an accomplished housewife and a charming hostess.

THE RIGHT TO HISS

IN the theater of to-morrow, in both the silent and the noisy drama, the audiences are to have a new right, besides that of being held up by the ticket speculators.

The patrons will have, or at least should have, the right to hiss. Gladys Brockwell, one of William Fox's most brilliant stars, is authority for the statement.

"To-day," says Miss Brockwell, "people may only applaud. They have no means of expressing disapproval. According to the proverb silence gives consent, so if the audience does not applaud, the management simply interprets as laziness their failure to do it.

"Perhaps it's not very ladylike. But I believe in hissing. I want men, women and children to hiss earnestly and sincerely, scornfully and vituperatively. I believe that one should have the privilege of emitting surplus steam.

"Every one in a theater, whether at a picture or a legitimate play, has the right to signify approval. Why, then, should not those who dislike the act have the right to show their disapproval?

"In this country, where we are supposed to have liberty of mind and action, the odds are all in favor of the amiable. And history proves that the amiable have never accomplished a single advancement for the world.

"In England it is permissible to boo any performance which appears particularly poor. Why should not we have the same privilege? Audiences are usually so kind-hearted that they give some scrap of applause to every performer on a vaudeville bill. They do not realize that, in doing so, they serve to lower the standard of those performances. When they show approbation of a tiresome comedian, the manager thinks that their own judgment may have been at fault, and they let such poor players continue to annoy.

"My reason, therefore, in advocating the introduction of the hiss and boo is largely selfish. I want to see the stage and screen elevated. Such a thing cannot be accomplished readily until patrons play and pictures can tell the real truth to the producers. A person who likes everything isn't truthful."

In other words, it would seem that Miss Brockwell wishes to add to theatrical history.

JUNE CAPRICE IS SUPER-SUPERSTITIOUS

EVERY one knows that members of the silent and the noisy drama are the most superstitious class of people on earth. They're super-superstitious, in fact. Take June Caprice, the winsome William Fox star, for example. Here are some of her strongest superstitions:

She refuses to walk under a falling safe, and advances the unique reason for this that the world is losing its population rapidly enough.

She will not put her hand in a lion's mouth, because she doesn't believe in cruelty to animals.

She will not stand near a lightning blast because she says the light hurts her eyes.

She doesn't like sawdust for breakfast because she thinks heavy foods are unwholesome.

She will not run through a glass door on account of the pane.

She is extremely superstitious about the use of carbolic acid as a face lotion.

She refuses to jump off the Palisades because the wind made by her descent would ruffle her hair.

She will not sit at a table of thirteen persons unless there is something to eat.

She will not open an umbrella in the house unless the roof leaks.

She thinks it unlucky to take a trip to Europe at this time of year.

She is a firm believer in signs. For example, she never tries to buy French pastry in a shop labeled "Hardware."

She thinks it the best sort of luck to find pick-uppins in the street, especially if they are studded with diamonds.

Unlike most persons, she wouldn't dream of picking up a horseshoe, particularly if the latter were attached to the horse's foot.

She thinks a white horse lucky, if you've bet on him for the race.

She thinks misfortune will overtake any one wearing an opal if he or she doesn't keep up the payments on it.

SCREEN STAR PRESENTS A FLAG

IN a review of the war preparations now going on, one is deeply impressed by the interest of moving picture people in the great European struggle. Many regiments have been increased by volunteers and drafted men from the studios. Moving picture actresses are showing their patriotism in many ways of benefit to the cause, and these girls of the triangular stage are doing their bit nobly. While many are sewing for the boys in khaki, others have joined the Red Cross, and a large number of celebrated stars have been recruiting for both the army and navy. Perhaps one of the most active and enthusiastic of these busy workers for Uncle Sam is the beautiful actress Dorothy Phillips. Not only has she gained a large number of recruits for the fighting units, but she has never lost an opportunity of rendering valuable services in other branches of the preparations.

With a beautiful face, a graceful figure and a sweet disposition, Miss Phillips has not only endeared herself to the picture fans, but has also won the respect of the Naval Militia and the National Guard by the earnest sincerity of her work in their behalf.

Dorothy Phillips.

When the boys of the Seventh Regiment of Infantry, National Guard of California, march to battle "Somewhere in France," they will carry with them a new silk flag. It is a gift of the motion picture people of Los Angeles. This beautiful emblem was presented to Colonel Charles F. Hutchins, commander of the regiment, by Miss Phillips on the Fourth of July, in the presence of the officers of the regiment and a large number of producers, actors and actresses. The ceremony took place at Edendale, near Hollywood. Miss Phillips was working on her latest Bluebird release, "Triumph," at the time, but her director, Joseph De Grasse, was perfectly willing to let her go for such a patriotic purpose.

In making the presentation, Miss Phillips expressed the hope that the new flag would serve to cheer and encourage the boys of the regiment wherever they might happen to be, and she bade Colonel Hutchins and the members of his regiment Godspeed on their journey to the battlefronts of Europe.

"Be assured, men of the Seventh Regiment," said Miss Phillips, her voice trembling with emotion, "that the women of California will pray night and morning for your safety while away from our Golden State."

Colonel Hutchins, in accepting the battle flag, said the Seventh Regiment greatly appreciated the honor conferred upon it by the donors to whom it was deeply grateful and for whom and the entire nation it would do its utmost in the present conflict.

The new regimental flag is mounted on a fine staff embellished with a silver eagle, and is a trophy which could be prized by any person.

DOINGS OF THE PLAYERS

Director Sherwood Macdonald is producing a new Gloria Joy feature for Balboa. In a schoolroom scene one of Gloria's boyish admirers shows his interest and affection by throwing a tomato at her. It took her unawares, as they had not told her about it, and the tomato struck the baby star squarely in the face. At home that evening Gloria's mother had tomatoes for dinner, and Gloria, observing them, said: "Tomatoes don't look good to me any more since I had that experience over at the studio!"

Tom Mix, champion cowboy and star of Fox film comedies, is the latest to pay the penalty for wanting to obtain "just that touch." Tom was before the camera in a barroom scene. As he stood with the right foot on the rail and the right hand on the glass of firewater, the villain was to enter and shoot the glass from his hand. "Make it close," Mix instructed the marksman. The shooter made it closer than that. Tom will be picking things up with the left hand for a few days.

If you visit the Famous Players Studio and find both Pauline Frederick and Robert G. Vignola deep in the perusal of a novel, it does not mean that they are merely killing time by entertaining themselves. An examination of the books will reveal them to be David Graham Phillips' well-known novel, "The Hungry Heart," which they are staging for Paramount as star and director respectively.

They are learning what the story is about.

Scenario Hints

WRITING CATCHY COMEDIES

By A Scenario Editor

MOLIERE'S comedies offer elaborate and subtle—even tender—pictures of human character in its eternal types, lively sketches of social follies and literary extravagances, and broad appeals to the ordinary sources of vulgar merriment.

He raised the comedy of character out of the lower sphere of caricature, and in his greatest creations subordinated to the highest ends of all dramatic composition the plots he so skilfully built, and the pictures of the manners he so faithfully reproduced.

Comedy is the most difficult thing to create and write, yet it should not be so. There is more comedy material in everyday life than there is of the tragic—only it is not noted—does not make the impression the tragic does.

People laugh more than they cry. Let a group of people gather anywhere and they are more inclined to mirth than sorrow. Even at a funeral there is sometimes a comedy element, as the comic supplements and joke columns frequently testify.

In an account of the terrible earthquake at San Salvador the closing paragraph says: "It was too solemn a moment for needless words. We were all staring death in the face, and expected to spend the next few minutes in making our peace with our Maker. The sky grew darker and the smoke rose higher.

"Yet the calamity presents its ludicrous side, and such was shown when persons were seen running through the streets with an old tin-pan in one hand and a stocking in the other."

That humanity is more prone to laugh than cry is borne out even in the wards of a hospital where patients joke with one another and make light of their own troubles.

Even war cannot suppress the humorist. The columns of the daily papers prove that when one reads the accounts of life in the trenches and the pranks and jokes of the soldies.

Americans are perhaps the least humorous of the races. This is due, no doubt, to our being so busy and making so much money—a serious occupation at best. The races of the older countries, being more settled, less in haste, with established classes and customs, living an easier and happier life, get more real fun out of existence than we do.

The man or woman who would write catchy comedies must learn to see the comedy side of life.

Many who struggle and worry over tragic stuff, if they but realized it, might turn their talents to comedy and succeed far better. Just a little "twist" in the way of looking at things and the trick is done—for 'tis but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and Thackeray tells us that "Humor is the mistress of tears."

There is always a great demand for catchy, refined comedy for the screen. The present vogue of slapstick is not likely to endure, for, like melodrama, most all of the "tricks in the bag" have been used over and over again—so much so. that people tire of them.

It is becoming more and more difficult to invent new business. Some day, the custard-pie, the pan of dough, seltzer bottle and slippery floor will have lost their "novelty" (?) and something better be demanded—even as it is at the present time.

Comedy dramas are preferred on the order of "Lady Barnacle," in which Viola Dana made such a hit; that comedy-drama received the most hearty appreciation and applause for the screen that in it there was never a murder, suicide, sudden death, sex stuff or other depressing and overworked blood-and-thunder scene.

One-reel, catchy, sparkling comedies are sure-sellers. They are in great demand and the number of companies producing such comedies, alone, makes it worth while to devote almost one's entire time to them.

There are so many things happening about us every day, of which the papers are full, that are meaty with comedy material. For the participants they may have only a serious aspect, but for observers they surely possess altogether a comedy environment.

A rattling good comedy might be made of the "Tango Pirates" and "Lounge Lizards." The tragic and dramatic side of their doings have been screened more than once, but never the comedy side.

Looked at with the spectacles of comedy, there is a large element of humor in all we read of them and their foolish victims. Types would play an important part in such comedies.

The fat old woman with money and time to waste, who ought to be at home knitting socks for soldiers, trying to "kid" herself with the idea that she is getting away with the giddy-girl stuff, and the make-up and pretence of the "Pirates" and "Lizards"—the straits to which they are put to keep up appearance and away from work; the difficulties of getting laundry out and keeping their watches in "hock" and of paying the rent of their seven and nine rooms, somewhere would afford material in plenty.

The good-natured hubby who leaves Maria home washing the dishes, or sewing, when he goes to business—or thinks she is with the Red Cross workers or doing slum work, for a blind, might well be of a dozen types.

The intrigue, the cross purposes and double dealings, ought to afford material for many comedies and truly the more one visualizes the thing the funnier it looks.

The new conditions, imposed by the war, under which we are living, offer material for comedies, if properly looked into by those who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear. Already some stories are afloat of the experiences of the census-takers in dealing with people that are laughable.

There is both dramatic and comedy material in many of the situations arising from the conscription and other war work of which hints may be found in the newspapers.

A new element has entered into our daily life to which the comic sheets have already "got wise" and which will soon be seen on the stage and screen in many catchy comedies.

"What Directors Want" is our next week's article.

THE ACTRESS ON THE COVER

It is difficult to believe that Ethel Clayton, the World star, was really a pioneer of the silent drama. But really a very short period separates us from the blurred, flickering affair which we called the "movie," and it was at this stage of the evolution of the embryonic art that Miss Clayton made her advent.

Young as she was, Miss Clayton had had an extended career on the stage before joining the silent drama, for she was but sixteen when she secured her initial engagement. She first jumped into prominence by way of a leading rôle in "The Lion and the Mouse," written by Charles Klein and produced by H. B. Harris. Shortly afterward she appeared opposite Wallace Eddinger in "The Making of Bobby Burnitt." Upon producing "The Country Boy," which developed into one of the marked successes of the year, Mr. Harris assigned Miss Clayton a leading rôle.

It was at this time that the film magnates cast their eyes toward the promising actress, and she succumbed to their tempting offers. At that day it was a rather hazardous act, for most of the histrionic profession gazed at the motion picture askance.

Miss Clayton's first picture was a production called "When the Earth Trembled." So enjoyable did she find the work that she has remained before the camera continuously ever since, save for a short period, when she played the leading rôle in William A. Brady's drama, "The Brute."

A few of the more important motion picture productions in which Miss Clayton has appeared as the principal are "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Gamblers," "The House Next Door," "The Fortune-Hunter," "The Wolf" and "The Great Divide." Among her more recent pictures are "Yankee Pluck," "The Stolen Paradise" and "Souls Adrift."

One of the signposts of Miss Clayton's career is the unwavering manner in which the picturegoers have bestowed their favor upon this flaxen-haired star from the time she first apeared on the screen until to-day.

TIMELY STUDIO TOPICS

Hughie Mack, the 350-pound comedian, has joined the heavy artillery of the L-Ko fun-making battery, and will very soon be seen in regular L-Ko releases.

Jack Kerrigan has started his second Paralta picture under the direction of Oscar Apfel. It is a comedy drama with settings both in the East and West.

Tom Forman, who has acquired an enviable reputation as leading man in many Paramount Pictures, may assume the rôle of leading man in a battle with the German submarines, as he has enlisted in the Coast Artillery Federal Reserve.

Susie Light Moon, one of the few remaining Indians encamped at Hartville, the Santa Monica plant of the Triangle Film Corporation, proves herself a capable actress in "Master of His Home," the starring vehicle of William Desmond.

Walt Whitman, veteran character actor, will soon be featured as a star in Triangle plays. He has appeared in prominent rôles of numerous Triangle features, including "Peggy," "The Millionaire Vagrant," "The Girl Glory," "Wee Lady Betty" and others.

Virginia Valli, Taylor Holmes' leading woman in his first Essanay production, "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship," holds the long-distance record for swimming in Chicago's motion picture colony. She can do a two-mile "sprint" with ease.

Miss Rose Tapley, of the Vitagraph Company, who has just completed a "missionary" tour through the West in the interest of the moving picture industry in general, found awaiting her on her return to New York last week an engrossed letter of thanks from the National Motion Picture Exhibitors League, expressing the gratitude of the organization for the great help Miss Tapley rendered them in making the recent big exposition in Chicago a success.

Sessue Hayakawa, having completed his big production under the direction of William C. De Mille, has shifted his base of operations to the stage presided over by George Melford.

Henry King, the American director, has made a new find in the shape of a child actress. The little girl, whose name is Ruth Everdale, gave a strikingly good performance in his most recent film, starring Gail Kane.

Mary Miles Minter, the American Film star, is too busy meeting the public taste in picture production to take a regular vacation, but on location she manages to slip away occasionally for a little trout fishing.

Francis Ford, who has been off the screen for some little time, returns to Universal allegiance in a Butterfly Picture entitled "Who Was the Other Man?" Incidentally, Mrs. Francis Ford plays an important part in the picture.

In the supporting cast for "The Narrow Trail," his first Ince-Artcraft photodrama of frontier life, William S. Hart will have more than a score of the cowboys who have contributed such notable bits of realism to many of his productions. Some of these rugged "types" have appeared with him continuously.

Francis Carpenter and Virginia Lee Corbin, the two featured kiddies in "Jack and the Beanstalk," William Fox's massive film production, also have the leading rôles in the other pictures of the series, which includes "Babes in the Woods," "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp" and equally well-known subjects.

Charles Brabin, who for the past ten years has been a great factor in motion pictures both as a director and screen favorite, has been signed by the Metro Pictures Corporation to direct Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne in a series of features under the supervision of Maxwell Karger.

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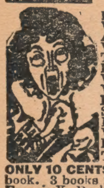

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Tulip Time in Holland
When You Wore a Tulip
When You're a Long Way From Home; Silver Bell

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Sweetheart Days
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My Hula Hula Love
On Mobile Bay
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Oh Mr. Dream Man
Mysterious Rag
Oh You Little Bear
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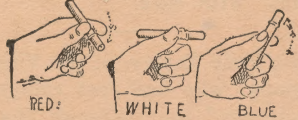

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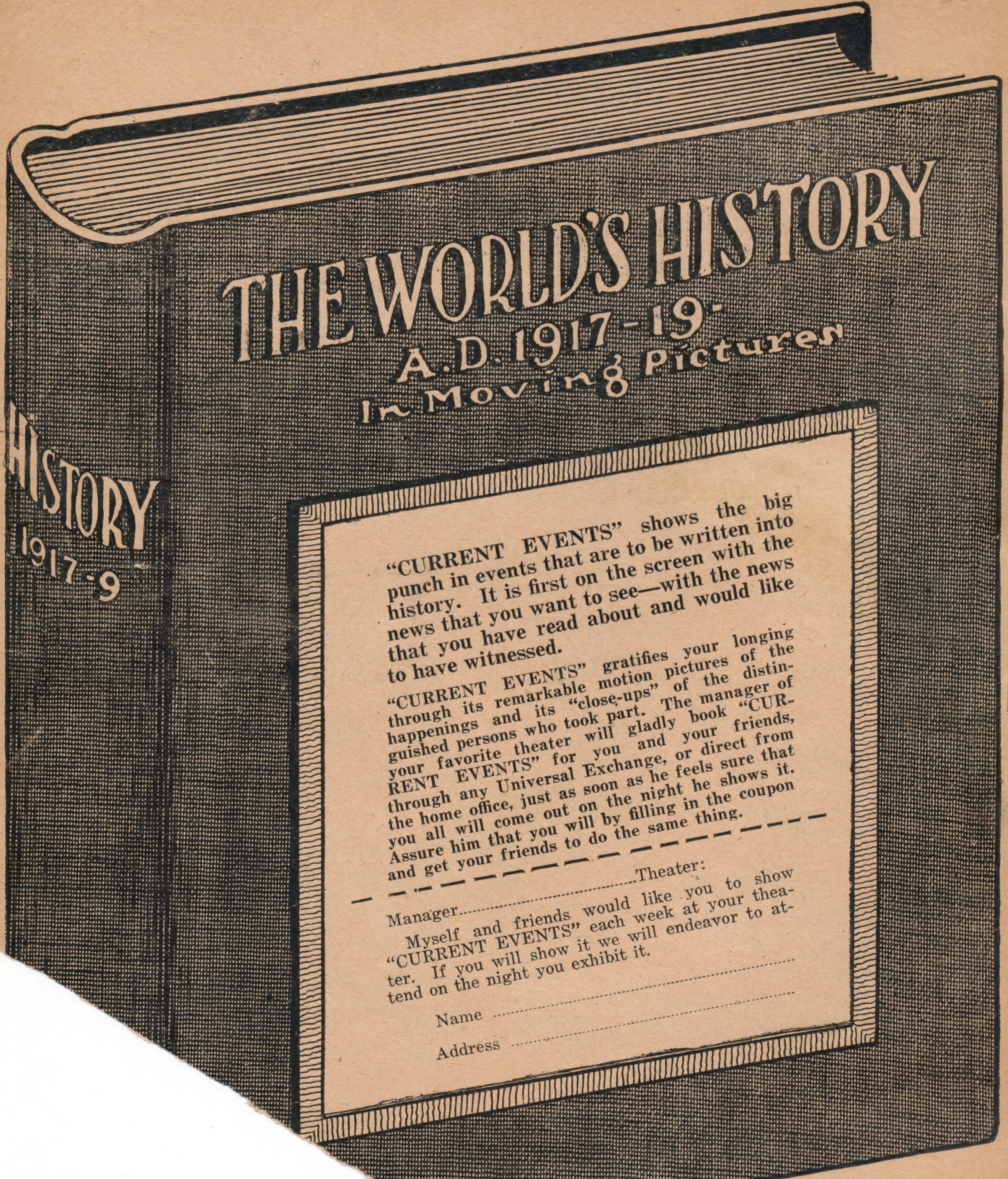

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